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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 319.—Vol. XXV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 12, 1910 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

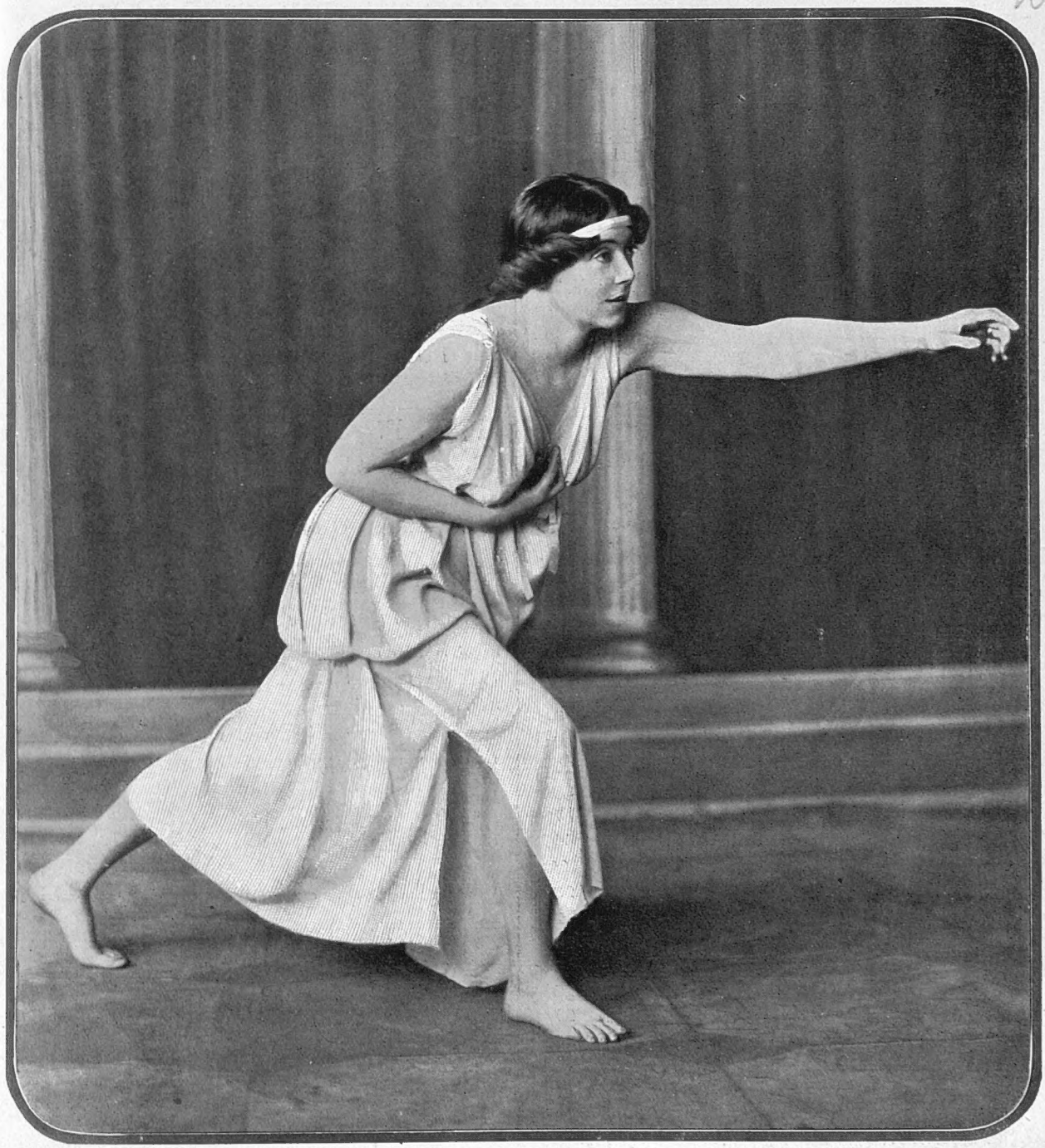

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON

The famous Society sportswoman, who is shortly appearing at the Palace Theatre in a series of classical dances. Her ladyship announces that she is devoting the proceeds to the furtherance of her scheme for the establishment of a school for the physical training of boys

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RACING NOTIONS. BY CARBINE.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed the MSS. will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made for all accepted matter. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. All Short Stories submitted should be accompanied by a brief *resumé* of the plot. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 2860 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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In response to many inquiries, we beg to publish below a key to the issues in which the first Schools were dealt with:

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(This Series will be resumed in the Issue of January 19.)

CHARITIES.

SUFFERING and STARVING.

Hundreds of deserving UNEMPLOYED are thronging the CHURCH ARMY'S RELIEF DEPOTS, LABOUR HOMES, etc., imploring WORK to earn FOOD and FIRING for their wives and little ones. The distress is TERRIBLE. Urgently Needed:—FUNDS, Old Clothes, Firewood Orders (3s. 6d. per 100 bundles), and waste paper for sorting. Cheques, crossed Barclays', payable Prebendary Carlile, Hon. Chief Sec., or Mr. W. F. Hamilton, K.C., Hon. Treas., Headquarters, Marble Arch, W.

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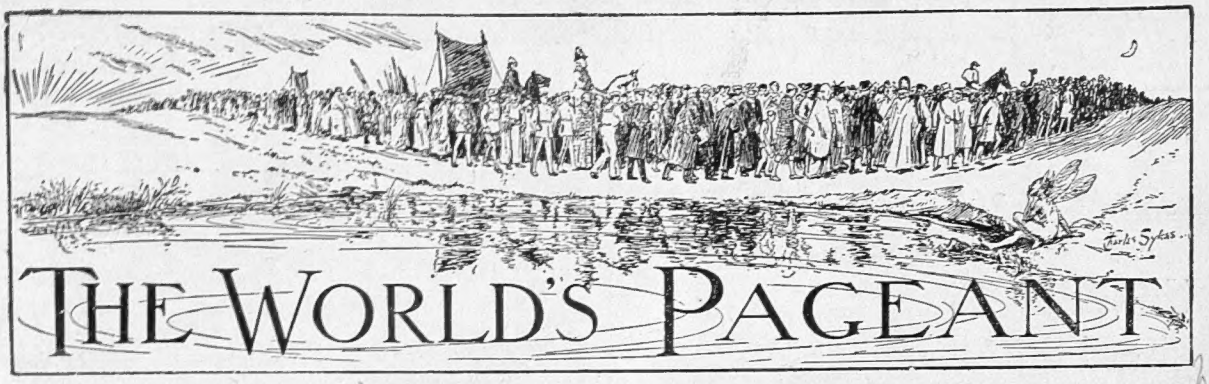
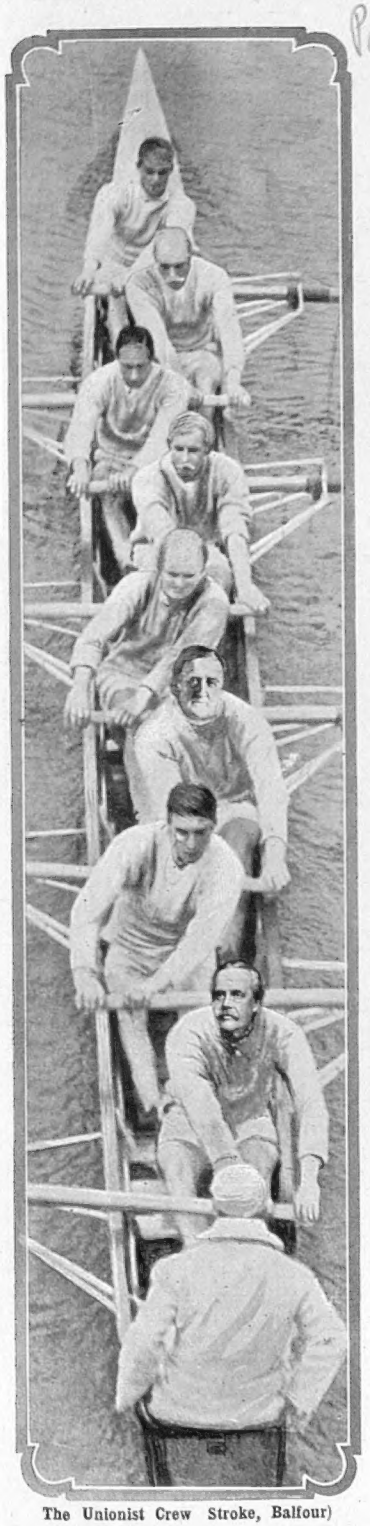
All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publisher, "The Graphic" Office, Tallis Street, London, E.C.
Paris Office for Subscriptions and Advertisements: Marc Dormoy, 35, Rue Lafayette.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1d. (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded



THE WORLD'S PAGEANT



The Unionist Crew Stroke, Balfour)

OUR ELECTION COMPETITION.

The Editor begs to remind readers that this is the final week of "The Bystander's" Election Competition, particulars of which are to be found on p. 56. Positively the last time for receiving entries is noon on Saturday, January 15, the first day of polling, and all received later are liable to disqualification.

Where Shall We Find Ourselves?

BEFORE the next issue of THE BYSTANDER is published we shall know pretty well by whom we are fated to be governed for the next five years or so. For never was there an Election more likely to be decided one way or the other by the "flowing tide," as it will show itself by Saturday next, when pollings will take place in some sixty odd constituencies. If, on that day, London shows as favourably for the Union and Tariff Reform as is fondly expected, and Lancashire even nearly as well as is fondly hoped, the days of Radical-Socialism are numbered. Whether a Conservative or a small Liberal majority is returned, England will have pronounced definitely that the Budget is not to its liking, and will thereby condone the action of the Lords in "asking her opinion." A large Radical majority, independent of Irish and Labour, will prove the Budget to be popular, and the Lords—still perfectly right in having popped the question—will be bound to pass it without demur.

Two Houses, or—Limehouse?

That is, of course, the prime issue, and whatever "red herrings" are drawn over the trail, a vote for the Budget means, *par excellence*, a vote for Mr. Lloyd George. If it is given, nobody will have the least right to complain if the future policy of the country is shaped by the author of the Limehouse speech and the active sympathiser with the enemies of Great Britain during the Boer War. To his hands, above all, will be committed the destinies of the Empire at the most critical period of its history; and if things should go wrong the fault will lie with those who failed to take the warning of moderate and impartial prophets.

The Lib-Lab Crew (Stroke, Asquith)

THE PARLIAMENTARY VOTE RACE: RIVAL CREWS TAKE THE WATER

Until the Unionists did their fine trials last week, with Balfour in best form, the race was looked upon as a foregone conclusion for the Lib-Labs. The former have now, however, "come on" much with practice, and the latter have shown many signs of exhaustion through overstrain at the early practices. The Unionists will give their opponents as much as they can do to win, especially if at next Saturday's start the flowing tide should be in their favour

CLOSES SATURDAY.

THREE MORE DAYS

TO ENTER OUR

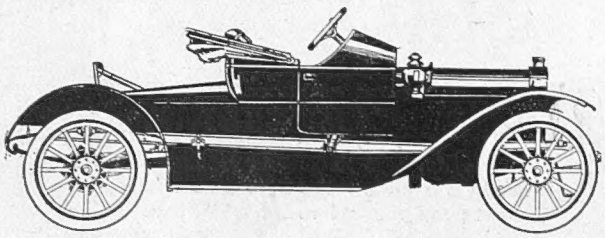
CLOSES SATURDAY.

ELECTION COMPETITION

The Editor of "THE BYSTANDER" offers

HANDSOME BEDFORD MOTOR-CAR

A 4-cyl. 18 h.p. (developing 22·4 R.A.C. rating). Complete with Empress type of body, tools, lamps, and all accessories. Value £265.



TO THE READER WHO SENDS IN THE BEST ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION:

Which of the Two Parties will secure the Larger Number of Votes Polled in the United Kingdom, and by what majority?

Entry Form, "Bystander" Election Forecast, 1910.

I estimate, as the result of the polling in the contested Elections of 1910, a majority for the ..... party of ..... votes, and agree to accept as final the decision of the following gentlemen:—

VIVIAN CARTER, Esq., *Editor of "The Bystander."*
CARMICHAEL THOMAS, Esq.
HAROLD COX, Esq., M.P.

Name.....*(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)*

Address.....

NO ENTRIES CAN BE RECEIVED AFTER NOON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15.

Name of Winner will be announced in issue immediately following the publication of the official figures.

HINTS AND ADVICE TO COMPETITORS.

Study carefully the table given below of the numbers of votes given the rival parties in previous General Elections. Then, according to your opinion of the chances at the forthcoming contest, fill in on the above form first the name of the party which you believe to be the likely victor ("Liberal" or "Unionist"), and then the majority in votes which you calculate that it will secure at the polls in contested elections of the United Kingdom.

Previous majorities are printed in black figures in line marked*, and are taken from the Constitutional Year Book (1s.)

Under the heading "Liberal" are to be included also Labour, Socialist, and Irish Nationalists.

The entry form duly filled in, post to *Election Editor*, THE BYSTANDER, *Tallis Street, London, E.C.*

Votes Polled and Party Majorities in Previous General Elections.

GENERAL ELECTION, 1895.		GENERAL ELECTION, 1900.		GENERAL ELECTION, 1906.	
(Unionist Majority in Parliament, 152.)		(Unionist Majority in Parliament, 134.)		(Liberal Majority in Parliament, 354.)	
Unionists	1,780,753	Unionists	1,676,020	Liberals (including Labour and Irish Nationalists)	3,168,595
Liberals (including Labour and Irish Nationalists)	1,841,470	Liberals (including Labour and Irish Nationalists)	1,602,863	Unionists	2,463,606
*Liberal Majority of Votes Polled,	**60,717**	Unionist Majority of Votes Polled,	**73,157**	Liberal Majority of Votes Polled	**704,989**

RULES.

1. Readers may send in as many Entry Forms as they wish.
2. No member of the staff of "The Bystander," "Graphic," or "Daily Graphic" is entitled to compete.
3. All forecasts must be plainly written in ink in the space provided in the above Entry Form.
4. No entry-form eligible which is received later than noon on January 15, the date of the first polling.
5. The Motor-Car will be given to the sender of the Entry Form which most accurately forecasts the actual figures.
6. Cases where petitions for unseating may be lodged will not be taken into consideration.
7. In the event of two competitors sending in forecasts of equal merit, the prize will go to the entry first received at the Office.

How Society Weathers the Election

Social Stagnation

How to fill up the time till the Election is over and the exodus to the South may decently be accomplished is a problem just now. Social matters are at a complete standstill. What is now popularly, in drawing-rooms, referred to as this "tiresome Election" has even interfered with country house-party routine, and numbers of Hunt balls have been abandoned owing to the impossibility of collecting men.

A Chance for Welshmen

In Town, private entertaining is a lost art, and the only thing left to do is eat. Money is said to be tight to bursting point, but the amount of solid cash dispensed daily in London for wholly unnecessary food and drink is appalling. Why does not some Welsh patriot make a raid on the Savoy, hold up its army of merry-makers, and only give quarter on condition that the whole of the profits for one week are handed over to the country? We might have a *Dreadnought* for every day in the week then.

The Day's Round

After industriously seeking exercise at Prince's all the morning one lunches heartily at the club or somewhere; by the time coffee and cigars are discussed and, perhaps, a call made or a gallery visited, it is tea-time in the Palm Court, and the Carlton chairs while the hours away till one must "fly" to dress for dinner, after which the effort of watching either the latest thing in decadent dancing at the halls or Polar bears tobogganing down precipices at the Hippodrome has made one so hungry that, as fast as petrol will carry us, we rush madly to the Savoy, there to scramble for foods till the lights go out—and so, as Pepys would say, home, a nightcap, and some sandwiches.

An Event of the Week

The only interesting social event of last week, next to the sale at Paquin's, at which "dreams" originally quite beyond price could be picked up for a modest tenner or so, was the Private View of the Old Masters at Burlington House. All the usual artistic, literary, theatrical, and social celebrities were there, and the sombre appearance of the gathering called forth from an old and famous R.A. the remark that it was high time men took to wearing colours since women had, apparently, forsworn them. In accordance with the fashion of the moment, apart from that on the walls, there was hardly a touch of colour in the rooms. Even the facial "make-up" most in vogue at the present time is a uniform dead-white, which, with darkened eyes, a black velvet cap pulled over the ears to hide the hair, a black velvet gown tapering away at the feet, and black or dead-white ermine furs, produces an impression of colourlessness indescribably depressing. One or two women wore the Paris, low-cut gown such as that in which Madame Maeterlinck appeared in last week's BYSTANDER, but such displays of courage were rare.

Photo *Speaight*

A New Portrait of Mrs. Austen Chamberlain with her Son (Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's grandson)

Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, who is the daughter of an Army officer, is not very interested in politics, and she once even went so far, in the days when her little son could not speak for himself, as to announce him ordained for the Army and not for politics. Mrs. Austen Chamberlain is now working as hard as any wife in the kingdom in her husband's cause

The Last of the Lotteries

There has been anxiety this last week on the Stock Exchange to secure tickets for the great French Government Lottery, the last, by the way, that the State will authorise. France has suffered recently almost as much as England from grandmotherly legislation and the persecution of Jacks-in-office who fancy they are most glorious when stifling the pleasures of the people. The idea of organising a lottery in England, with the object, say, of providing ourselves with another *Dreadnought*, would extract many pious ejaculations of horror from the Chadbands and Stigginses who, we fervently hope, are about to be rejected at the polls; but I happen to know at least two Liberal Members of Parliament who are having a twenty-francs gamble in this very Paris lottery. They are the Members for—— (Sh-h! They are after the Nonconformist vote.)

The Tariff Reform Shop: Now Open

Dismal Dublin

So Dublin is to have no season again this year. It hadn't very much to boast of last year, but the outlook this year is dismally doleful. How the tradesfolks of Dublin must revel in the gaieties of the present "reign" in Ireland! Mourning, of course, prevents Lord and Lady Aberdeen entertaining at the Castle this January and February, and everyone is naturally very sorry for them; but the so-called festivities of the past two years have scarcely been worth recording. Sir Neville Lyttelton scarcely ever does any entertaining at the Royal Hospital, and from a social point of view the Chief Secretary's Lodge does not exist. Oh! for a change in the Emerald Isle. It wants someone like the Duke of Connaught or, say, the Duke of Westminster to make matters hum in the Irish capital—and the sooner the change comes the better.

Good-bye—If You Must Go!

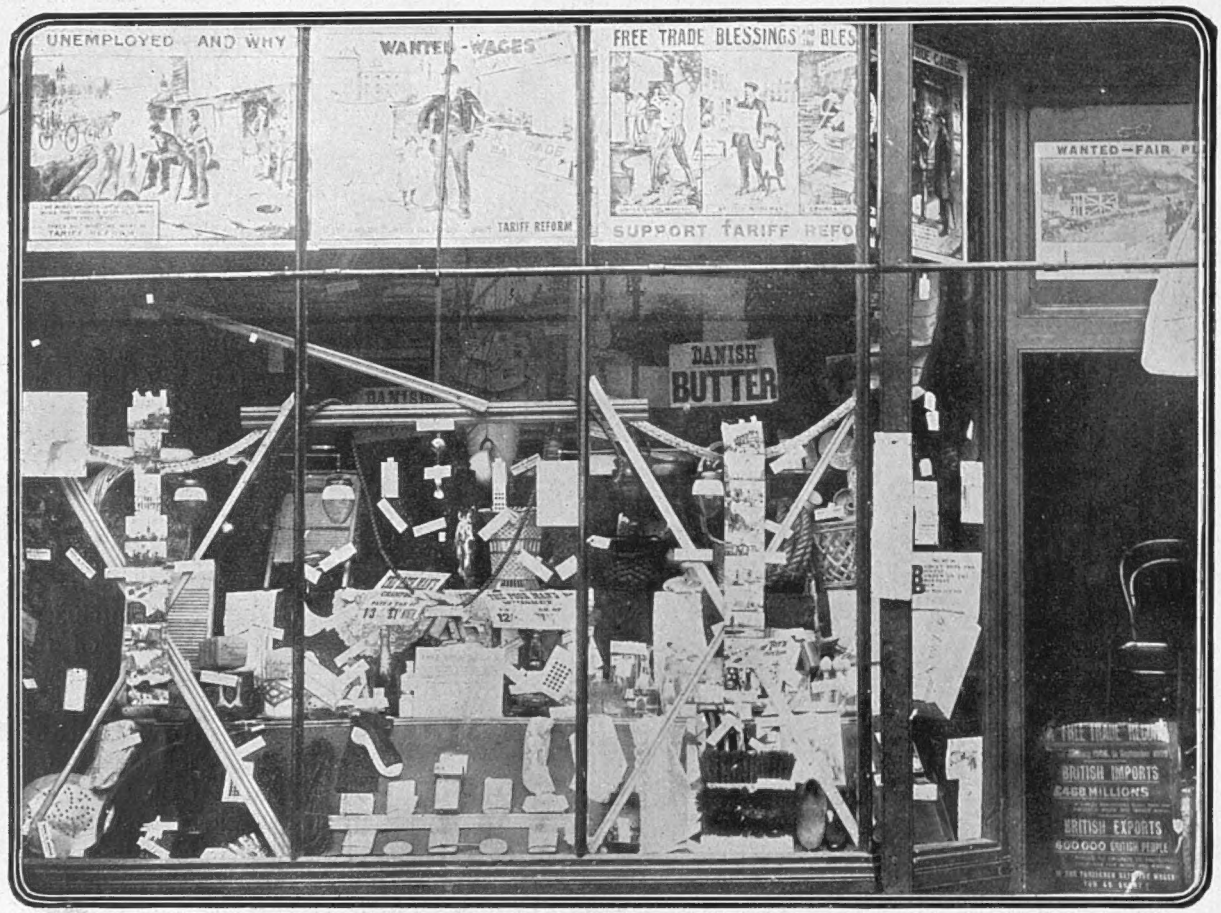
From time to time one reads in the papers that Lord Aberdeen is about to resign the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, only to find a day or so later a telegram from his Excellency saying, "Oh, dear, nothing of the sort!" We read last week that "Lord and Lady Aberdeen will not return to Ireland." But I am afraid paragraphs of this sort are rather of the "well, since you must go—good-bye" order. The Unionist papers say, "They go—they go!" but their Excellencies say, "Yes, yes—but we don't go"—to reverse the policemen's song in *The Pirates of Penzance*.

Has Anybody Seen——?

Society has been discussing the disappearance of the elder son of a peer, whose whereabouts cannot be ascertained. It is quite possible that the young man may have turned up again by now. At any rate, his father does not appear to worry about the matter, as he is out hunting three or four days a week.

Houseless Hostesses

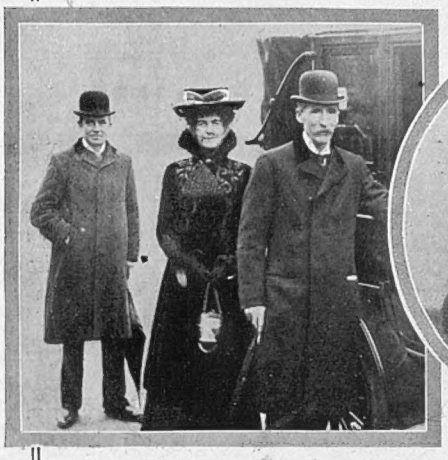
Did you read in an American contemporary the list of the coming season's hostesses? It was a funny list. The well-informed writer had simply gone through the wedding-list of last year, and fondly imagined that all the brides were about to dazzle London Society with some brilliant entertainments. Among the names mentioned were Lady Macclesfield, Lady Dalmeny, Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Lady Clanwilliam, and Lady Brooke. Strange to say, the ladies mentioned have never shown any signs of entertaining, and some of them have not even got houses in London. We do learn such a lot from American papers about London Society, and every now and then they announce forthcoming marriages that positively make the hair curl!



"Dumped" Goods: A Walworth Shop that Gives Walworth Radicals the Dumps

The shop depicted above provides the inhabitants of the Walworth Road and "the neighbouring vicinity," as Sam Gerridge has it, with an admirable object-lesson in the fruits of Free Trade. In its window are displayed as many specimens of "dumped" foreign goods as it has been possible to get together. The most stalwart Radical cannot view the collection without a twinge of conscience

Stiff Fights for London Seats

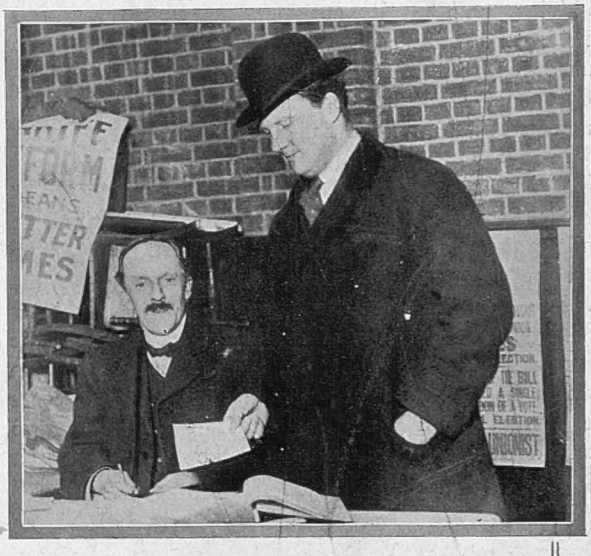


Mr. G. D. Faber
Unionist Candidate for Clapham, with his wife

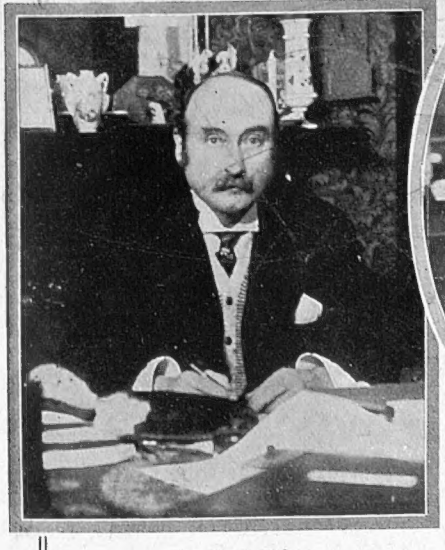
Sir William Bull
Unionist Candidate for Hammersmith, who used his fists on an impudent Radical heckler

Mr. Alan Burgoyne
Unionist Candidate for North Kensington, with his wife and little girl

The Hon. Claude Hay
Unionist Candidate for Hoxton



The Hon. Rupert Guinness
Unionist Candidate for Haggerston (standing)



Mr. Hayes Fisher
Unionist Candidate for Fulham

Mr. Warwick Brookes
Unionist Candidate for West Newington

Mr. R. E. Belilios
Unionist Candidate for Walworth

A Scots Greys Shooting Party

Euston or St. Pancras?

I read the other day that the Duke and Duchess of Bedford are likely to pass the greater part of the spring between Woburn Abbey and Belgrave Square. I can quite believe it, and I should say the spot selected is Euston Station — or is it St. Pancras? If you have read with care your *Morning Post* for the past few years you will quite appreciate the truth of my remark.

The Ubiquitous Duke

The Duke of Westminster must cause the paragraphers some anxiety, for he never appears to be in the same place two days running. On Monday you hear of him at Eaton Hall, on Tuesday he may be in Paris, Wednesday he is at Monte Carlo, on Thursday he is playing polo at Cannes, on Friday he will be in Ireland, and on Saturday he is at Grosvenor House! Here is a new game: "Find the Duke."

Photo] **Find the Duke!** *[Whiteway*

The Duke of Westminster has been very much on the move lately, and it has been difficult to locate him. He is seen above leaving the Riviera in his car *en route* for London

Exit Sir George

Sir George Lewis takes with him into retirement many things, mostly secrets. If a miracle, or the tortures of a new Inquisition, could unseal his lips, the noise of what he could say would probably shatter Society. The number of *causes célèbres* in which he appeared we know—but, oh, the number of those in which he did not! I prefer to think of Sir George as himself both Lewis *and* Lewis — the Lewis who took a case into Court and the Lewis who kept it out. I don't think the one ever thought very highly of the other. For, however successful the *cause*, it would have been more successful—for the client—had it never been *célèbre*.

His Many Parts

A proper review of Sir George Lewis's career would speak of him as a great solicitor, not necessarily only in the fields of divorce and libel and crime. It would record how great Judges and Counsel had acclaimed him as the maker-in-chief of their careers; it would speak of his pre-eminence as a cross-examiner in public and a confuser of knaves in private. But to the great public, he is Sir George of the sealed lips. One wonders how much he knows, and trembles at how little he probably does not. To that most insidious of all criminal types, the blackmailer, Sir George was Terror itself. However much his Knaveship might know of his victim, Sir George generally knew something worse about himself. For Information was ever the kinsman of Offence. Sir George is now a baronet, having, until 1902, been only a knight. He held each title for several years, and now it is almost time he had a third one. As Sir George is a Liberal, probably he is safe to get it. The son himself of one successful solicitor, and the nephew of another, he well enough justifies the hereditary principle to be a fit member of the hereditary Chamber.

The Royal Shooting Party at Cottrell, Cardiff: Prince Arthur (centre) at the Seat of The Mackintosh of Mackintosh

Left to right—Back Row: The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Capt. R. D. Fordyce, Lieut. E. H. Bonham, Lieut.-Col. A. D. Miller, D.S.O., Marquess of Stafford, and Major Malcolm Murray, C.V.O.

Front Row: Miss Heron Maxwell, Mrs. Meeking, H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, Mrs. Miller, and Lady Hilda Murray

The following members of the party are in the 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys): Prince Arthur, Lieut.-Col. Miller, Capt. Fordyce, Lieut. Bonham, and the Marquess of Stafford

Sir George of the Sealed Lips

WHO RETIRES FULL OF HONOUR
(HIS OWN) AND SECRETS
(EVERYBODY ELSE'S)

SIR GEORGE LEWIS, BT. (LORD—??)

The most famous solicitor of the day, who is about to retire. No one knows more than he of the skeletons of British social cupboards. He considerately never kept a diary, so that his secrets will go with him to the grave. Unless—perish the thought—he is persuaded to write his memoirs! It is not wildly improbable that a peerage may be his at no distant date

The Bystander on the French Riviera

Promenade des Allemands

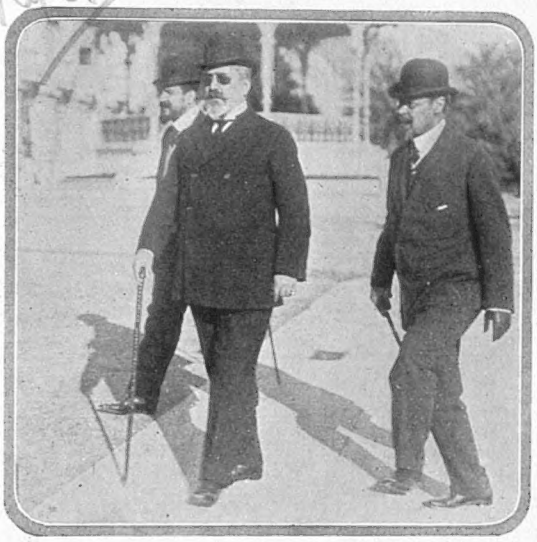
There can surely be no district in the world where Mr. Lloyd George and his Budget are more cordially detested than on the French Riviera. This is just the moment of the year when the Englishman should be particularly *en evidence* on the Croisette at Cannes, on the Promenade des Anglais (it might well be written Allemands, these days) at Nice, and on the Place du Casino at Monte Carlo; but, as a matter of pure and absolute fact, the Britisher is conspicuous by his absence. Even the Nice races, usually so popular, with their really magnificent prizes and a very full list of entries, have failed to tempt the Englishman from the polling-booth, and the Riviera must possess its soul in patience until England definitely decides for Tariff Reform or Lloyd George. Once the voting is over, however, there is every reason to believe that the Riviera will be itself again, the hotel-keepers having received no end of orders for the last days of January.

Mr. James Gordon-Bennett

Leaving the Hôtel de Paris, Monte Carlo. He is now cruising in his yacht

A Famous Gambler

But the Riviera is by no means empty, despite the British elections. Germany and Russia have sent thousands "down South," and the receipts at Monte Carlo and at the Grand Cercle of Nice, where they play the highest game of baccarat on the coast, are more than up to the average. Monte Carlo has been blessed these last few days with a real genuine "sensation" in the person of a gambler of the name of Lonnen, who, with a capital of £500 or £600, managed to be a winner at one moment of over £28,000. The very next day, however, he gave £20,000 of this back to the tables, and the last time I saw him at work his play had fallen from maximums to five louis plaques. Everyone in Monte Carlo, by the way, was very much amused at the statement of a *Daily Mail* reporter to the effect that this same gambler had been staking £800 a *coup* on the dozens. Let me hasten to assure the reporter that M. Blanc has not raised the maximum, which still remains £240 *on the even chances!* The crowd round this now famous gambler has been seven or eight deep,



The Grand Duke George of Leuchtenberg

Takes a stroll with his secretaries on the Terrace at Monte Carlo

Mr. H. Cosmo Bonsor at Monte Carlo

Mr. Bonsor is the popular Chairman of the South Eastern Railway

and the total receipts at the table at which he had a big run of bad luck the other day totalled no less than £24,000. He always plays at the same table, and is invariably accompanied by a friend, who stands behind his chair but never plays.

Who Won the Pig?

The New Year was ushered in with the usual *réveillon* at the Café de Paris, the first prize in the tombola being a live sucking-pig dressed as a ballet-dancer. There was the usual crowd, and the average consumption of champagne, but the evening — or rather morning — broke up earlier than in previous years, and the celebrities present were few and far between. Several of the well-known people who were here for the holidays have either gone further South or have left to vote. Prince and Princess Victor Dhuleep Singh and Lord Westbury have gone to Ceylon, but will be back in March; the Duke of Leeds has moved on to his villa at Bordighera; the Duke of Westminster rushed off to defend the House of Lords, but will soon be at the villa he has taken at Cimiez; Mr. Spender is in the editorial chair again; Mr. James Gordon-Bennett has left the Hotel de Paris for a cruise in his yacht; and Lord Wolverton has run back to England. Lady de Bathe is still to be seen most afternoons and evenings in the *trente-et-quarante* room; Mr. Alexander, Mr. Arthur Levita, Mme. Lanthelme, the well-known Parisian actress, and her husband, M. Edwards, are among the few notabilities left.

"Horsy" Men at Nice

Nice, to judge by the audiences at the Casino, where M. Le Bargy has been among the "stars," is filling up rapidly, and there are now at least fourteen tables going strong at the Grand Cercle, though the big bankers have still to come. Trainers and jockeys are in great force, and the restaurants are at last doing fair business, but the receipts at the hotels, with one or two exceptions, are by no means up to the average.

Venice Unawares!

OPORTO FINDS ITSELF UNDER WATER—AND PORT!

A SUBMERGED STREET IN OPORTO

In the recent terrible floods in Portugal (caused by heavy rains), Oporto suffered more than any other town. £1,000,000 worth of damage was done. The majority of the ships in the harbour were wrecked, and of 740 small craft used for unloading purposes only forty have survived. The water burst the doors of the great wine stores, hundreds of barrels of port were smashed, and their contents carried through the streets into the sea

DOWNWRITINGS

THE CASTE SYSTEM IN THE CIVIL SERVICE

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

SIR,—Periodically there appears in one or another organ of the London Press a plaintive and generally unnoticed appeal for an inquiry into the expenditure of the Civil Service Vote. Quite a respectable number of people know that thousands are wasted annually, but despair of remedying the evil. Why despair? Is there no one strong enough in latter-day Cabinets to scour the Augean stables? (I call them Augean, Mr. Editor, merely from force of habit.)

It is a notorious fact that the number of public officials is vastly in excess of public requirements, and that notwithstanding the strength of the body is daily increasing. In the course of the last three years the Civil Service has increased its establishment at the rate of nearly

FOUR OFFICIALS PER DIEM!

No one has a right to grumble at State employment, provided the State can provide the work. Let the State employ as many thousands in its Civil Service as it now employs hundreds—but on what system?

Once and for all must be abolished, and that quickly, the outrageous practice of dividing the officials of a Department into castes. Once and for all must the First Division be abolished, the members of which for the first few years of their service are handsomely paid for doing *nothing*.

There is a mouldy shibboleth much beloved of Ministers, and even Permanent Under-Secretaries, to the effect that Second Division clerks must be officered by a lad from a 'Varsity. Consequently, an unavoidable increase in the staff of a Government Department as regards its rank and file is always made the excuse for the appointment of a rosy-cheeked youth, who, from the moment of his arrival in his baby-carriage at the front-door of the office, takes precedence of, perhaps, two hundred adults, who, nevertheless, will have

THE DISTRESSING DUTY OF EDUCATING HIM.

The Second Division clerk, on taking up his first appointment, is given simple duties, and is promoted step by step to more responsible work. The First Division clerk, reeling with ignorance of official procedure, and, indeed, anything but his mother's adoration, is instantly placed in a responsible position, and is actually entrusted with the signature of letters and the supervision of the conduct of men who have had twenty or thirty years' service. The Second Division clerks, Staff clerks, and Chief Examiners, be it noted, are not unkind to these little ignoramuses, realising that they are not to blame for the State's foolishness. Indeed, Staff clerks often go out of their way to explain the meaning of the letters that their youthful "chiefs" are required to sign, and freely indicate the proper place for the signature to appear. All this is very beautiful and good-natured, but it is a heart-breaking spectacle for the taxpayer. For years the pay that is awarded so liberally to First Division clerks is wasted. When they begin to know anything about the work of the department to which they are allocated—information picked up, of course, from the Second Division—it rarely happens that there is any work for them to do. An inquiry into the actual work of the First Division clerks at public offices at the present moment would most certainly reveal the fact that more than 50 per cent. are

ACTUALLY UNEMPLOYED,

or, if not, engaged in the absolutely supererogatory work of reading, signing, or initialling what the real workers of the office have completed.

Whether Liberals or Conservatives rule, we are, unfortunately, governed by snobs. There has never been a Cabinet Minister—not even Mr. John Burns—who has dared to denounce the disgraceful system whereby the Civil Service is divided into castes, whereby grammar school boy must crouch before public school boy, and public school boy before 'Varsity man. The First Division clerks are the curse of the Civil Service, competition wallahs, who are *bound to draw big salaries whether they be wise or foolish.*

There is actually abroad, in the circle that controls these matters, a notion that only *expensively* bred young men can conduct transactions of importance. Experience, years of eager service, count for nothing. God forbid that I should attack Greek, a language for which I have a peculiar affection, but is it not monstrous that the taxpayers should have to pay young men of classical education to hamper the work of veterans who have done right worthily without it? Culture, culture, and yet again cultu-ah, quotha, has been the cry of the Civil Service Commission. A Cabinet Minister, who, it is to be hoped, will not be reappointed, even if re-elected, has publicly gloried in the fact that in his department he has been able to mix with men of intellect and educational attainment. Does this Right Hon. gentleman know that the youngsters who applaud his Latin tags are for the most part enjoying sinecures, and would wreck the department's business were it not for the unceasing vigilance and loyalty of the rank and file?

What is the remedy for this disgraceful state of affairs, rivalling as it does the award of sinecure "places" in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries? The reply is simple.

AMALGAMATE THE DIVISIONS.

Let there be one examination, one qualification. Thus at one stroke will be saved the many thousands paid to the First Division during the years in which they are being taught their business by the men whom—on paper—they are supposed to direct. DOWNWRITER.

TWIN HARBINGERS OF TORY VICTORY

Mr. Percival Hughes, Chief Conservative Agent, whose efforts in the office at Westminster are doing so much to compel Tories to vote Tory

Mr. Lloyd George (speaking at St. Pancras), the Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose speeches all over the country are doing so much to compel others than Tories to vote Tory

Pity the poor voter! Our artist's sketches will be appreciated by a number of people who heartily wish there were no such things as General Elections. Oh, lucky are the ladies to escape all this electioneering worry! (Suffragettes please note)

BY R. J. KELLY

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

AS a New Year's concession, the Kaiser has consented to the marriage of Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia and the Princess Agatha of Ratibor, and of Corbey, and of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst.

* * *

"IT is," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "a love match." Not, as one might have supposed, a mere arrangement for giving the Princess a briefer signature, and thereby saving her from writer's cramp.

* * *

THE first novel dealing with flying—called "Perhaps Yes; Perhaps No"—has been written; and it is by Signor Lombroso. It should be on the bookshelf of every aviator. Perhaps Yes; Perhaps No.

* * *

AVIATION in the States seems to have had rather a set-back, owing to the enforcement of the Wright patents. But what a time the brothers will have conning the horizon in case some wicked immigrant has gone up into the air on an infringing machine.

* * *

ONE can picture them, each with a field-glass, gazing into the distance; and then suddenly the voice of—

ORVILLE: "Say, Wilbur, I guess I see a speck in the sky way up."

WILBUR: "Who'll it be, Orville?"

ORVILLE (*plunging a leap*): "Might be Paulhan. Can't say as yet."

WILBUR: "Shall I go around for the Sheriff?"

ORVILLE: "Wait right there a minute. (*Putting down glass with sigh of relief*). Why, it's only an old duck going south for the winter. See?"

WILBUR (*looking through glass*): "Yep! It isn't the Wright motion anyway——"

ORVILLE (*regretfully*): "No, Wilbur; and even if it was, I guess we can't restrain a duck from using our patent."

* * *

COULD not some ingenious writer invent some abbreviation that would take the place of the words, "Candidate for political honours"? Positively, this is the shortest way at present existing for describing the various gentlemen who are about to need our votes. Candidates for political honours. Think of the mouthful!

* * *

I CAN suggest nothing myself. "Votees" ought to mean the people for whom the voters vote. But it is hardly English. "Mbryo P.'s" won't do, though it suggests M.P.'s in embryo. "P.C." no doubt stands for Parliamentary candidate, but it also calls to mind that much more useful person, the police-constable. "Standers" might do. They do stand, you know.

* * *

BUT, then, one might just as well call them "Repeaters"—they do repeat themselves—or Urites. They do mis-state sometimes. I give it up.

* * *

THEY must be finding out—some of them—I refer still to the candidates for political honours—how careful they ought to have been in their choice of wives. Think how important at this moment is the wife of a candidate.

* * *

I HAVE seen them on the platform, at the moment when their husbands are eloquently explaining how they will, if returned, save England and the constituency by introducing Tariff Reform—(cheers)—or perpetuating Free Trade—(loud cheers)—I say I have seen them at that moment hastily conceal a yawn. Candidates should never marry a drowsy woman.

* * *

A VERY energetic woman is even more fatal. She may insist on designing posters in her husband's interests, without quite knowing which party he belongs to. Lots of posters seem to have been designed that way.

* * *

OR she may want to write poems for the electors to sing. Tune, "John Peel," or something of that sort. 'Pon my word, I think the single candidate has the best chance.

Slow Progress

CURATE: "Has your father stopped drinking yet, Tommy?"
TOMMY: "Yes, sir—please, sir—several times this morning, sir"

BY STARR JOHNS

"FALL of Two Flying Men" was one of last week's sad announcements. There was also the fall of one lying man—name unmentionable. That notice of the Postmaster-General concerning the safety of Old Age Pensions under any Government must have hurt Some People badly.

* * *

"HOW stupid," remarked Mr. George (can't bother about the "Lloyd"), "people were sixty years ago! They had those rather puny, insignificant people—Sir Robert Peel, Wellington, Pitt, men of that type." Yes, and Chatham, and Fox, and Walpole, and Oliver Cromwell, and Bacon, and Shakespeare. Mr. Lloyd (confound the "George") didn't give it to them half hot enough.

* * *

MATINÉE hats have been forbidden in Paris theatres by the police, and now I see that the ladies of Paris have decided to "do their hair" so that it takes the form of a hat. Anything to save the dear, stupid menfolk from having a glimpse at the stage.

* * *

HOW wonderfully the Russians manage things. The Prefect of Police in Odessa is said to have forbidden public mention of the Progressive candidates' names in recent elections. A humorous man.

* * *

IF only we had the same regulation here, election meetings would be interesting. "In introducing Mr. ——," the chairman would say, "I need hardly mention that in the world of politics, of affairs, and of humanity, he is a shining light. In fact, I may say, gentlemen and ladies, that Mr. Sm——. All right, constable, I didn't actually say his name, you know. Mr.—er—er ——— is the right man in the right place." (Voice: "Oo did you say he was?") Chairman (indignantly): "I didn't say. I call the constable to witness that I never mentioned his name." (Voice: "We wants to know 'is name.") Chairman: "Well, you can't, then."

* * *

AND so on. I cannot help thinking this method would also make a candidate very popular. "Vote for ——." on all the hoardings ought to gain him a safe majority.

* * *

The Seven Ages of Woman—Up to Date

(With humble apologies to William Shakespeare)

All the world's a stage,
On which the Modern Woman plays and prances;
She has her cranks and crazes, pets and fads,
A drama having many scenes.
Through seven stages trace her. First, the Infant,
Nourished on strict hygienic principles;
And then, the hoyden, for the high school bound,
Wiser than all the Ancients,
Yearning to teach her teacher all she knows.
At Girton next, with solemn mien, a Senior Wrangler.
Then, the valient Suffragette
Shricking for Votes, and claiming civic rights;
Jealous her sex's honour to maintain.
From hence to gaol her martyred way she takes,
Seeking the bubble reputation, though in a prison cell.

BEHOLD A CHANGE OF SCENE:

A gallant lover woos and weds the maid, e'en then
No patient votive of the jam-jar she,
Clubs claim her time—no darning little socks.
Instead, at L.C.C., she prates of
Malodorous drains. Time passes on,
A stately matron has the dame become,
Her children's children round her knee,
She gives them sage advice at which they scoff.

LAST SCENE OF ALL:

False teeth, false hair, false everything,
She "Bridges" o'er the weary hills of time.

LESLIE.

HAPPY MOMENTS AT BRIDGE—No. II.

When you want two tricks to win rubber. Your opponent (on the left) to lead

BY THOS. DOWNEY

"The Bystander's" Own Pantomime

IN SIX TABLEAUX. BY H. M. BATEMAN

No. 2—THE INFERNAL REGIONS

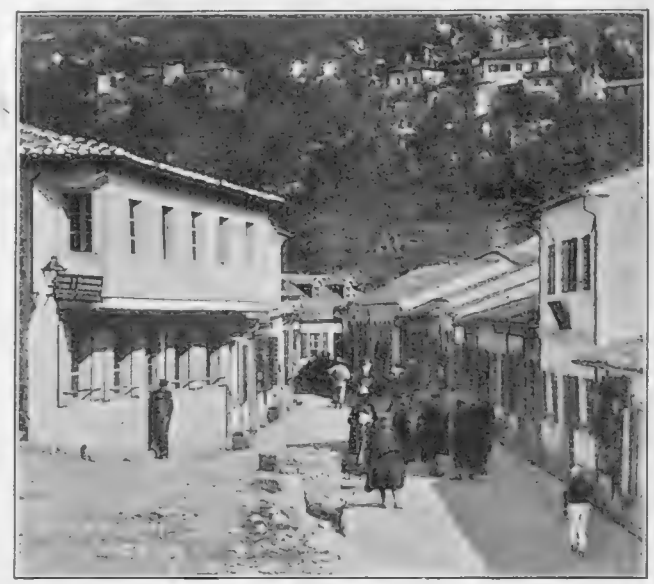
Mephisto, the King of Darkness, owing the Principal Boy a grudge, summons up his subjects to assist him in procuring the downfall of the Boy. Timely arrival of the Good Fairy, who, though not able to overpower Mephisto at the moment, promises that all shall come right in the end

— THE — BYSTANDER ABROAD

NEAR-EASTERN TOPICS: BY A CORRESPONDENT

The French Fleet at Antivari

The brilliant reception given to the French Fleet in Antivari has been most favourably commented upon in political circles in Paris. After the Treaty of Berlin, Antivari, the chief port of Montenegro, was placed under Austrian control. The Prince, its ruler, had not the right to fortify it, nor to have a fleet of his own, nor to receive foreign fleets. As Antivari was the only port whence the Slavs of the Balkans could get access to the sea, Austria took particular care to keep it closed. Europe has now opened it. Antivari, freed from the hated guardianship, may receive as many fleets as it pleases the Prince to invite. Italy will be the next to take advantage of this. It will be of enormous service to have a port on the Adriatic, both for commerce and war; but had the Italian Fleet been the first to visit it, Austria would certainly have felt hurt. Following the visit of the French Fleet the same diplomatic importance will not be attached to it.



Antivari: General View of the Town, Showing the Lower Square

Antivari is the chief port of Montenegro, and has until recently been under Austrian control. Europe has now relieved it of the guardianship it so cordially disliked, and the port has gloried in giving a brilliant reception to the French Fleet

Turkey's New Vizier

The appointment of Hakki Bey as Grand Vizier does not come as a surprise to those who have been following events in Turkey. Hakki Bey, or Pasha, as he will be called now that he has the title of "Highness," is by no means lacking in intelligence, but, unfortunately, he does not possess the art of organisation. He is a man of many parts. He commenced his political career in a subordinate post at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and while there gave lessons in law at the School of Law at Constantinople; he was also one of Abdul Hamid's private secretaries, chiefly for foreign correspondence.

Once a Failure

After the change in *régime* he became Minister of Education in the Said Pasha Ministry, but this only lasted a fortnight. When Kiamil Pasha became Grand Vizier, he kept Hakki Bey in that post for a short while, and then gave him Hilmi Pasha's post as Minister of the Interior (Home Secretary). In this post he was not a success, so Kiamil Pasha changed them back to their old posts. Kiamil Pasha was Hakki's friend and protector, and he pushed him into prominence, thinking that when he gained the necessary experience he would be invaluable to his country. But Kiamil Pasha is not the only one to be misled by Hakki Bey. He should, however, have learnt to know him a little better before entrusting him with posts he could not fill and offering him protection he could not appreciate.

Glib but Unpractical

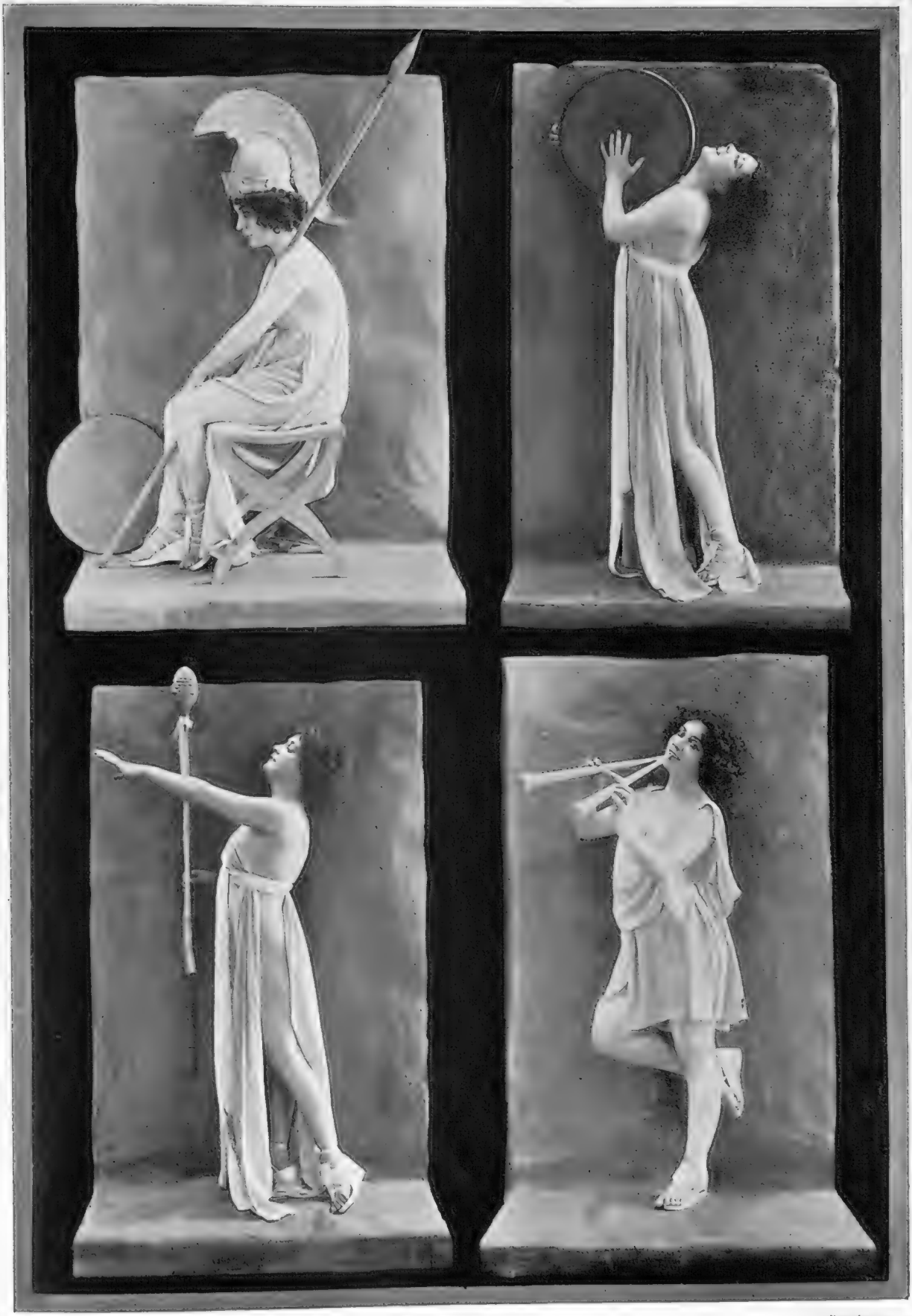
Hakki's head was turned by all the honours showered upon him. He saw the possibility of becoming Grand Vizier, deserted Kiamil Pasha, and joined the Committee of Union and Progress to this purpose. After such a step he could no longer stay in Constantinople, so was sent to Rome as Ambassador. Hakki lacks both confidence and popularity. He is a brilliant linguist, and has a very glib tongue. When you meet him for the first time his extraordinary knowledge impresses you, but as you know him better you find it is all on the surface. And, being unpractical, he promises far more than he can fulfil. Hakki will, of course, be the servant of the Committee, and as long as he carries out their instructions, and there are no complications of home affairs, all will be well. He may keep his post as long as martial law prevails. Cavour said once, "Any idiot could do that," but evidently Hilmi was unable to, the situation being quite intolerable.

Turkey's Handicap

The Committee of Union and Progress made a fatal mistake in disdaining the services Kiamil Pasha could render to his country. As long as Turkey is governed by the caprices of young, inexperienced, and jealous men absolutely without experience, Grand Viziers will succeed each other as they have been doing since the change of *régime*, and no progress will be made in the administration of the country. A year and a half has now elapsed since Abdul Hamid gave the country a Constitution, and there is very little to show in the way of administrative evolution.

Parisian Plastic Poses

ARE WE THREATENED WITH A REVIVAL OF THE LIVING STATUARY CRAZE?



Photos *Reutlinger*

MLLE. RÉGINA BADET

Who is now dancing at the Opéra Comique, Paris. The photographs depict her posing as Greek bas-relief statues. The performance is very popular in Paris, and very shortly a similar show will be presented in London by Mlle. Nina Barkis

PARIS SHOWS

et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

Free Shows at the Opera

THERE'S a free matinée at the Opera House. They are going to play *Aida*, either in honour of the new year or because the natural noise of *Aida* makes it easier and cheaper to cast. The show is free; you may sit wherever you like if you can get in, and pay nothing for the privilege. The only thing you cannot do, either with or without paying, is get out again. But, please don't hurry me, I will tell you about that in a moment.

Something for Nothing

Nobody would think who saw the Opera House during a free performance that anything but peace—the stilly, utter peace of graveyards and of theatres in time of leisure—prevailed within. All the doors are shut—hermetically shut—and guarded. But inside the house is packed, and, quaintly enough, with an audience many of whom have paid for their free show. It sounds paradoxical, does it not? But Parisians of the *bourgeois* type love anything for nothing, and so they pay some poor devil two or three francs to keep a good place for them in the *queue* at the doors for a free performance when they would never think of paying the same price for a seat at an ordinary show.

Compulsory Listening

There is no doubt about France being a free country—a free country *à la Republicaine*—at one of these free performances. Outside, police and municipal guards form the crowd into lines and keep them in order with the mailed fist. They may not sing. No banjoists or street singers may come and amuse them. They are kept like schoolboys at punishment drill. When the doors are opened they are marched in as though they were going to their death. If any of them be at all musical they very probably *are* going either to death or deafness, for the management of the Opera does not love the expense of a free performance, and *Aida* badly sung is somewhat unlovely. Of course, one ought not to look a gift horse in the mouth. Still, the generosity of the French Republic is a bit embarrassing. When I was a small boy I objected to sago. But I had to eat it, and to eat it all. And if I left any at lunch I got it again at dinner, and so on. And that is the way the French Government treats its guests at a free performance at the Opera House. If you begin the meal you have to finish it, for once inside you cannot leave the house until the show is over.

The Biter Bit

If only there were no music and no singing, a free show at the Opera would be thoroughly enjoyable. There is something which appeals to a Bohemian's love of freedom in the sight of six or seven fat *concierges* feeding on oranges in the Presidential box. But the funniest sight of all, when I went to hear *Aida* on January 1, was that of my neighbour. He was a gentleman in rags and in the worst of tempers. He had been standing in the crowd outside for four hours to get a good place, which he proposed to sell. But nobody had come to buy it, and not only had his long wait earned him nothing, but he had to sit *Aida* out. He was very, very angry.

The National Loss

I do not think there is a better argument to be found anywhere against the National Theatre idea than the State theatres in France. To begin with, the management never makes money. The Government imposes free performances on January 1, on July 14 (the day on which Frenchmen pulled down the Bastille and bought with their life's blood the liberty to argue things out with the policemen at a crowded crossing), and on other dates during the year, and these come expensive, because the actor and the singer patriotic enough to act and sing for nothing have not yet been invented. There are many charges on the management besides these free shows, and altogether State control of an artistic enterprise has shown itself about as practical as setting a postman to drive a motor-car would be.

Musical Criticism

And the audience at a free show at the Opera is gorgeously and supremely critical. It has not paid, but it feels that it is there as one of the People's perquisites. And, therefore, it has a right to disapprove; and oh, *Mon Dieu!* how thoroughly it does it. The funniest bit of disapproval which I ever heard was not at *Aida*. It was during a performance of *Faust*. Valentine had just been killed. My neighbour turned to me, "Name of a good little man!" he said. "If he squalled like that when he was a baby, I wonder his parents ever let him grow up." Which shows, does it not, that the People with a capital P has its own views even on *Faust?*

But I, as an English bystander, looking on from a distance at things at home, here register the prayer that London may never know the State-controlled theatre. Of course, the Socialists in Wales might like it, but no playgoer, even a Socialist playgoer, in London ever would.

A Popular Parisian Diva

WHO, IT IS HOPED, MAY ONE DAY PLAY TOSCA IN LONDON

Photo] MLLE. GENEVIÈVE VIX *[Reutlinger*

Of the Opéra Comique, Paris, who is just off to Nice for two months to create the title-rôle in a new opera, "La Glu," after which she returns to the Opéra Comique. It is to be hoped that this great artist will soon be persuaded to visit England, where her rendering of such rôles as Tosca, Manon, Carmen, and Marguerite would be keenly appreciated

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE" WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE BAD GIRL OF THE FAMILY" AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE

(NOTE.—I am sorry to see that "Jingle" appears, despite our frantic efforts to confine it to our own columns, to have caught the Election fever.—ED.)

MR. CHAIRMAN and Gentlemen,—I should not be on this platform this evening if I did not feel it my duty as your humble representative to draw attention to *The Bad Girl of the Family*. I am, of course, not an expert on this subject—(oh, oh!)—but it seems to me that this lady is by no means so pink as she has been painted. Before putting the position to you in detail, I will venture to assert that Mr. Melville's Melodrama (you will pardon the unavoidable alliteration) is an extremely clever and ingenious piece of work. (Cheers.) All the old tags and gags dear to "popular" audiences are there in their right order, and I have much pleasure in recording my impression that the production is a triumph of showmanship. I noticed during the play some curious changes in the sentiments of the public as I have observed them in the course of a long and, I trust, honourable career. (Murmurs of dissent.) Some of the stock phrases which in the old days would have brought the gallery to its feet, caused practically no excitement whatever. On one occasion the Bad Girl came as near to the footlights as she could without treading on the orchestra, and said, in fine declamatory tones, "A man cannot do a woman a greater honour than to ask her to become his wife!" This really telling assertion was allowed to pass without comment, if I except the attitude of a gentleman at the back of the pit who expressed his approval in a thin, piping voice—but even he did not seem to be quite sure about it. Gentlemen, is this one of the consequences of the Female Franch—— (interruption). I ask again, is this what the Suff—— (Cries of "Votes for Women!" followed by the gentle but decisive ejection of fifteen Suffragettes disguised as Boy Scouts.)

AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE

WE meet the Bad Girl first of all at her mother's house. Her father is, unfortunately, out of work—(cries of "Tariff Reform!" and counter-cries of "Boil the Dukes in Oil!")—and, therefore, Bess Moore—for I will not disguise from you, gentlemen, that that is the Bad Girl's name—is supplying money for the upkeep of the home. But Bess is only an ordinary assistant in a draper's shop, and the question is asked by her jealous sister, whose name is Honor: "Where does she get the money from?" (Sensation.) The gentleman who made that suggestion is quite mistaken, the fact being that the Bad Girl is able to borrow from a wealthy Jewish money-lender named Barney Gordon (Scotch, I presume), on the security of her note-of-hand alone. I must ask the young gentlemen at the back kindly to restrain their emotion a little, and to remember that I am not expressing opinions, but am merely recording facts. Where was I? Oh, yes—her poor, but not necessarily honest, father, fearful for the good name of his family, orders the Bad Girl out of the house, and in this he is seconded by his other daughter, Honor Moore. Has not the poet said, "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not Honor Moore"? (Loud cheers.) Before leaving the house, however, the Bad Girl takes her sister by the hair, in accordance with the fine old traditions of feminine pugilism, and tears the lovely hat from her sister's head and jumps on it. (Hear, hear.) The two ladies then close for the final round, but they are separated before Bess has had time to do more than wrench away a good deal of the upper part of her sister's frock. Bess's other name is Miss Violet Englefield. She is a young lady with a fine

presence, and a remarkable control of her audience, who laugh and cry at her bidding with that one touch of—er—nature which—er—makes us all a little less than kin and—er—more than kind. Or, as Virgil says: "*In vino veritas, similia similibus curantur!*" (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

WE will now proceed, gentlemen, to follow the Bad Girl after she has left her father's roof. (Hear, hear.) She has, I grieve to say, fallen into the hands of Harry Gordon, the son of the Hebrew moneylender before mentioned. At first, Harry promises faithfully that he will marry her; but he afterwards alters his mind, and tells her that she can go and beg her bread in the gutter instead. I think, gentlemen, you will admit that that is a rather violent change of opinion, even for these strenuous political times. Harry proposes to marry an Earl's daughter—no less a lady than Gladys Erskine, in fact—a really creditable performance by Miss Maud Linden. While Bess is sitting in the Draper's Shop brooding over her wrongs, Mr. Barney Gordon himself comes up to her and tries to tempt her by the offer of jewellery in large quantities to tread the path along which it would appear she has already taken a step or two. When old Barney attempts to squeeze her in his arms, Bess snatches up a loaded revolver (and I need hardly remind you, gentlemen, that there is always a loaded revolver lying on the table in every well-appointed melodrama) and drops him with the first shot. Having done all that could be reasonably expected of a perfect lady under the circumstances, Bess goes upstairs to bed. It is fair to add that it subsequently proves that Barney is not dead, but only slightly wounded.

I WILL not detain you much longer, gentlemen, but at the same time it is necessary here to introduce a little comic relief. I would premise by saying that one of the young ladies at the drapery establishment has a sweetheart — all things are possible in a melodrama,

SKETCHED AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

you know. The young man's name is Sammy Snozzle—(roars of laughter)—and as he is unable to find employment among his own sex, he adopts the highly ingenious plan of dressing-up as a young lady and applying for work at the drapery establishment. His application is so successful that he is engaged on the spot, and in due course is sent upstairs to join the other girls in the dormitory. The next scene shows us the dormitory with a number of really nice girls in the act of disrobing—(applause)—and getting into their little beds. (Loud cheers and waving of handkerchiefs.) I can assure you, gentlemen—(hear, hear)—that I gazed upon this homely scene—(cheers)—with the profoundest interest—(loud cheers)—while the spectacle of the little girl in the end bed sitting up and combing out her long dark tresses—— (Uproar. Free fight at the back. An elderly gentleman of military appearance here approached the platform, and asked if he could have a seat beside the speaker as he was a little deaf, and did not want to miss anything.) Well, gentlemen, there it was. (Hear, hear.) Then the young man named Sammy came into the room, and was told to undress and get into bed. (Sensation. A hollow-eyed man with black chin whiskers got up and announced his intention of going out to look for the police.) He is soon, however, hustled out, and shortly afterwards Bess totters into the room with the sad, remorseful look that people on the stage usually wear when they think they have killed somebody by accident. Almost at the same moment the alarm is given that the police are surrounding the house, and a little later, gallant officers, undismayed at the sight before them in the performance of their duty—(uproarious cheers)—rush in and attempt to seize Bess. This is the signal for a general uprising. The young and lovely girls leap from their beds—(cheers)—and seize their pillows—(cheers)—and proceed to bump the minions of the law in every available part. (Commotion. An election egg missed the speaker by a hair's breadth.)

BUT that is not all, gentlemen. (A voice: "Not 'arf!") The next scene showed us Bow Street Police Station, with Bess in the dock, and the young man who had promised to marry her giving false evidence against her. (Shame!) Yes, that is what the Gallery said at the time. By an ingenious ruse, which is so successful that I wonder it is not tried oftener, some friends of Bess's rescue her from the waiting-room at Bow Street, where she has been remanded in custody, and put her sister Honor there instead. As far as I can make it out, the police magnanimously refrained from further pursuit—(cheers)—and Bess was thus able to come down to Erskine Hall and interview the young lady whom Harry Gordon wished to marry. Bess's plan was that she should disguise herself as the bride, and by wearing a thick veil delude Harry Gordon into marrying her instead of Gladys Erskine. In this praiseworthy object she duly succeeds.

I HAVE great pleasure in stating that, in addition to all the lovely luxuries briefly hinted at above, there is a noble sailor-hero who is wrongly convicted of murder, and who escapes from Dartmoor prison across the blood-stained snow—(loud cheers)—and there is also another bedroom scene in which two brides, both of them having for the moment mislaid their husbands, proceed to the first stages of undress with a really charming *insouciance*; while just before the curtain falls the villain stabs somebody so that he may be brought properly within the clutches of the law which he has so far managed to evade. While I should not compare the play with the dramas of my friend, the late Mr. Wm. Shakespeare, I submit that it is very good work of its kind. Finally, gentlemen, I would add that I have nothing to recall, and nothing to regret, and that what I have said, I have said. (Groans, cat-calls, and general disorder, during which the orator escaped by a side-door in the uniform of a policeman.) JINGLE.

THE DORMITORY SCENE
THE POLICE SEARCH FOR "THE BAD GIRL"!

SKETCHED AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

"The Bad Girl of The Family"

SKETCHED AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

SLIDING THROUGH SPACE: THE P

(In this remarkable picture the Furies hampering the aeroplane's career are intended by the artist, Mr. Harry

A SONG OF

Glory to gods of the swerve!
Dip at the head of the curve,
Slicing the wind and the whip of the rain—
Steady the nerve!

Slide through the ether amain,
Let out the engine again—
Heaven forgive and Jehovah preserve
What they attain!

Glory to Lords of the Loop,
Monarchs of slant and of swoop!
Vortices, laterals harry their craft;
Heaven they scoop.

REY OF VORTICES AND LATERALS

(Countree, to represent the vortices and laterals which are the most dangerous enemies of all voyagers in the air)

THE AIR-WAY

Strength to the steel of the shaft,
Wings to 'em, for'ard and aft!
Bliss in the lift and the shuddering droop—
Stormward they waft.

Slide through the skies in your cars—
Spiral ascents up to Mars—
Living the life of the mariner free,
Aerial tars.

Mother of Christ, an you be
Mystical Queen of the Sea,
Pity poor aeronauts up in the stars—
Guidance decree!

B. Macdonald Hastings

In the Garden of the Frost King

A BEAUTIFUL CAMERA-STUDY OF WINTER IN THE WOODLAND BY D. IRELAND

The Pipe

by Arthur St. J. Docwra.

"She lifted the empty gin bottle which served as a candlestick and held it nearer to the bed so that the light fell on the sick child"

AFTER a morning spent in tedious consultations, and an afternoon over a soul-sickening operation, the doctor was preparing an anodyne for his jangling nerves in the form of a soothing pipe.

He sat before the fire in his cosy smoking-room, with deft fingers pressing the sweet-smelling tobacco into the bowl of a favourite old meerschaum, and with a sigh remembered an evening engagement at a fashionable dinner-party. All day his mind had been occupied with work, and this evening he craved leisure to think over his approaching marriage with Lady Evelyn Leyburn. To win the hand of the season's prettiest débutante, he reflected, was a fitting climax to his brilliant rise to public favour.

A tap at the door and the discreet butler entered.

"What is it now, Parker?" asked the doctor, turning in his armchair with ill-concealed impatience.

"Please sir, there's been a woman a-ringing the front bell; she wouldn't go away for nothing I could say, till I told her you was out, and I would send for a policeman."

"Quite right, Parker," said the doctor, with a grim smile.

"Then she says, 'Give this to your master,' and shoved this into my hand, and was off before I could say a word," and with an injured air the butler presented a silver salver on which lay a dirty, crumpled envelope.

The doctor, arising from his seat, with dainty indifference took the envelope from the salver, and approaching the electric lamp burning on a writing table, fastidiously inserted an ivory paperknife and cut it open. Inside was a sheet of cheap notepaper, on which were scribbled a few words in pencil, folded about a tiny screw of tissue paper. He carelessly read the words, an address, the fourth floor back of a house in a low street off the Tottenham Court Road; but something in the commonplace writing seemed to awaken a half-forgotten impression in his brain. He stood staring at the shaky scrawl with pursed lips and frowning brows, and then with a shrug untwisted the screw of tissue paper. Inside was a little cheap gold pin, set with blackened pearls, in the form of two hearts interlaced and transfixed with an arrow.

"Confound the woman!" he muttered below his breath; "whoever would have imagined her turning up just now! I thought she had drunk herself to death years ago."

For one moment he hesitated.

The curious Parker, patiently waiting by the door, inwardly marvelled what connection could exist between his immaculate master and the dishevelled creature of the streets.

Suddenly the doctor swung round. "I am going out again, Parker," he said curtly; "order the car at once, please."

He gathered up the sheet of paper and the pin, and replaced them in the envelope. His pipe was still between his teeth, but all desire for smoking had gone; mechanically he put it in his pocket with the envelope. Then he sat down to wait for his car, lost in a dark, unpleasant reverie of the past, aroused by the sight of the long-forgotten pin.

. . . . . .

He found the house in a disreputable street, where Vice and Disease ran riot among the criminal inhabitants; where foul-mouthed men and slatternly women revelled together in licentious orgies; and where weakly children grew to stunted adolescence in the moral atmosphere of a cesspool. Leaving the car in the busy shopping road, he walked to the address in the slum, and in the slinking figure, with coat-collar upturned and hat drawn firmly down over the eyes, none would have recognised the smart doctor of Harley Street.

The doctor entered the open door, and ascended the dark and filthy stairs with some degree of caution. The rooms appeared to be let to tenants of the lowest description. As he passed some of the open doors the sights and odours jarred his cultured and artistic temperament. In one room a beer-party was in full swing; loud, drunken laughter, raucous voices, foul oaths, and disgusting language smote upon his ears.

At length he reached the fourth floor back, and, pausing for one moment to regain his breath, he pushed open the door and entered the room.

It was a mean, low garret under the roof, almost destitute of furniture; fireplace there was none; the one small window had most of the panes broken, and brown paper was pasted over the gaps. By the light of a flickering candle he noticed a rude bed against the wall, on which lay a bundle covered with rags; but his attention was riveted on the woman who, with hands on her hips, stood regarding the intruder.

In bygone years, before Vice had taught her to paint and powder, and drink had bloated her features, she must have been extremely pretty in the type seen so constantly among barmaids and shop-assistants, and even now a certain coarse beauty was apparent in her face and figure. She was dressed in ragged finery; in her dishevelled hair were stuck several gaudy gilt

(All rights strictly reserved)

combs ; and a large picture-hat, evidently just removed from her head, hung behind the door.

If the doctor recognised the woman, no sign appeared on his impassive face. "Well?" he said curtly.

"So you have come, I see. I thought that little gold pin would fetch you along pretty quick. Brought back memories of pleasant days, didn't it? The other things are at uncle's, but I stuck to that as long as I could."

"What do you want?" asked the doctor impatiently.

"What do I want? What don't I want, I reckon! Look at me, look at the room, and then look in the cupboard for food!" She laughed bitterly.

"Money, I suppose?" said the doctor quietly.

"Oh! I am not asking you to shell out. Thank goodness, I can get my own living ; but it's the kid."

She indicated the bundle of rags lying on the bed. The doctor approached, and saw a young child, a girl of about six or seven years. Her brown hair was tossed about the ragged pillow in disorderly confusion, her fair face was swollen and livid, and her breath came in painful gasps.

"Why, the child is ill!" he exclaimed.

"'Course it is!" said the woman contemptuously. "D'yer think I should have sent for you otherwise? Just look at it, and tell me what I am to do ; it don't seem to get no better."

She lifted the empty gin bottle which served as a candlestick and held it nearer to the bed so that the light fell on the sick child. The doctor barely made a cursory examination ; to his practised eye the case was evident at once. The child was dying of diphtheria.

Downstairs, the members of the beer-party were getting quarrelsome. A discordant blast of angry voices came up through the thin floor ; above the turmoil, a man's harsh voice started chanting a popular music-hall song, and the whole crew took up the senseless refrain—

"We all came into this world with nothing,
With no clothes to wear."

The doctor straightened himself with a shrug of his shoulders. "The child's dying of diphtheria," he said abruptly. "It is what you call catching ; don't kiss it, or take its breath."

The effect of his words on the woman was marvellous. She fell on her knees by the bed and stared with agonised eyes at the labouring child. Beneath her shameless nature there still lay hidden the seed of maternal love implanted in the breast of every woman ; in some to grow and blossom into a scented flower of white purity ; in others, for the lack of suitable environment, to lay dormant until it withers and dies.

"Oh, God!" she cried, "not dying! My poor little kid! All I've got left!"

The doctor looked at her curiously. "What is the child to you?"

"The only creature that loves me!" exclaimed the woman passionately ; "and I ain't ashamed to hear it call me 'Mother,' though I don't wear no wedding-ring! But who's its father, pray? A fine gentleman, who lives easy and sleeps soft, and drives about in his motor-car all day!"

"What do you mean?"

"Look at it, doctor! Look at its nose, its eyes, its brown hair, and then go home and look in the glass!"

In spite of the control that the doctor was exercising over his features, he flinched as under the lash of a whip as the woman rapped out the last words. His hand closed upon the pipe in his pocket, and instinctively he placed it between his teeth as he always did when ill at ease.

"After all, you have no proof!" he said, with a sneer.

"No proof for a magistrate, worse luck! I've often cursed the day I met you! I was earning my own living honestly, quite happy with friends in my own class ; and then one day you, with your medical student friends, came into the teashop, and because I was prettier than the other waitresses took notice of me. I was superior to the other girls. 'Lady Lily,' they used to call me ; sometimes 'Tiger Lily,' because of my temper ; and you, with your soft words and your presents, turned my silly head. D'yer remember the day you gave me that pearl pin at Brighton, and all the mealy mouthed lies you told me 'bout marriage? I wonder what Lady Evelyn Leyburn would say about it! Oh, I read the papers sometimes!"

The doctor took the pipe from between his teeth, and, going over to the woman, shook her roughly by the shoulder.

"Drop that!" he said brutally. "My God! if you dare!"

"I ain't afraid of you! Do what you likes! I can only go to Hell!"

He relinquished his hold of the woman, and took a quick turn up and down the bare garret, thinking hard. After all, it would perhaps be as well to conciliate this spitfire, until his marriage at least. He withdrew a purse from his pocket, and selecting a sovereign, threw it contemptuously in the lap of the kneeling woman.

"There is a quid for you to go on with ; if you want more, you know where to apply."

Instantly he recoiled with an oath, struck full in the face by the coin, which fell to the floor, and ran in a wavering circle across the grimy boards, until brought to rest by the wainscotting.

"Take your dirty money!" screamed the woman ; "may I starve before I touch a penny! Get out of my room! I hate you! I wish to God I had never met you! It is you who lost me my self-respect and made me what I am! Go! before I——" She halted in the torrent of abuse, swayed and collapsed on the floor.

The doctor bent over her ; she had fainted from excitement and weakness. Looking around, he saw a cup of water, some of which he dashed upon her face. Was this the face he once thought so pretty, he wondered ; were these the lips he had so often kissed? What fools we be when the heart is young!

As signs of returning consciousness became apparent, he resolved to go. His medical skill was useless, his money had been flung in his face, he had done all in his power, and, therefore, was absolved from further worry in the matter. Turning the handle of the door, he quitted the room, glad to escape from the miasmatic atmosphere.

As he passed the beer-party room the orgy was at its height. His ears were assailed by a burst of tumultuous sound, shouts, oaths, loud, maudlin laughter, and stringing it all together came the words of the senseless doggerel :

"We all came into this world with nothing,
And we can't take anything out!"

. . . . . .

The first thoughts of the woman on recovering

(Continued on page 84)

Japan's Most Popular Resort

THE SEA-GIRT GATEWAY TO THE FAMOUS SHINTO SHRINE AT MIYAJIMA

Photo *Keystone View Co.*

Miyajima, the holy isle, is a truly exquisite spot, and is the most frequented resort in Japan in the beautiful seasons of spring and autumn. It is a high mountain covered by a dense pine forest, preceded by a great red torii (seen in the above picture), like a sacred sentinel, bathed by the waves at high tide. The magnificent Shinto Temple, built upon piles, looks down upon the view depicted above. Miyajima is one of the San-kei, the three famous landscapes of Japan, and unquestionably the best known and most popular. It is reached from Kobé by a slow voyage of a night and a day upon the Inland Sea

(Continued from page 82)

consciousness were of her child. Raising herself with difficulty, for she still felt faint and weak, she staggered to the bed and fell on her knees beside it. With a sudden start of fear, she bent over the motionless form, to find her worst fears realised. The child was dead.

For a long time she wept silently over the little, still body; hot tears of anguish welling from her eyes, and making furrows in the paint and powder covering her face. Sorrow and suffering had been her lot for many years; she had met them with a hard face and dry eyes; but the death of her child was a stab that had penetrated her armour of callousness, and she wept bitterly. Surely the love of such a woman for her bastard child goes far to expiate the sin of its birth?

At length her tears ceased, and she squatted on the floor with her back against the bed, her head supported on her hands, staring dejectedly at nothing. Her glance wandered about the room, but constantly returned to rest with indifferent curiosity on a small shining object that reflected the dim light of the guttering candle. It lay near the middle of the room, a dark blur on the grey of the boards, with a tiny shining pin-point that to her tear-dimmed eyes seemed to radiate long spokes of light. At length curiosity for the moment overcoming sorrow, she crawled a yard on hands and knees, and extending her arm picked up the foreign object.

It was the doctor's pipe, the encircling silver band of which had attracted her attention. He had dropped it when struck in the face by the sovereign.

Her first impulse was to dash it into the farthest corner of the room, but something held her hand; and squatting on the floor again, with the pipe in her lap, she brooded over it in silence, concentrating all her hate against the man upon the harmless article belonging to him.

What curious psychic forces were working in the brain of the woman? She felt vaguely restless; there was something in her mind that she wished to recall, and she could not bring it before her consciousness. Two centres in her brain were active, and yet she could not bridge the gap between. One concerned the doctor's pipe; she thought, in a dazed manner, he would miss it on his return home, and would probably remember where he last had it in his hand. She must return it, of course. Return it? Why should she trouble to return it? What had he done for her? Return——. Suddenly, like the blinding flame that leaps between the two electrodes of an arc lamp, a flash of consciousness leaped between the two centres in her brain, and in the clear glare of reason, sharp and distinct, perfect in outline and detail, safe and certain, she saw a means of vengeance on the man who had wronged and left her.

She rose to her feet. The candle was on the point of expiring, drowned in a sea of melted tallow, long, fantastic shadows danced on the peeling wall; the room was in semi-darkness.

What were his words? "Don't kiss it, or take its breath; it is what you call catching." Of course, she must return his pipe!

Hark! What was that scratching in the wall against the dead child? Only a rat behind the wainscotting. Why was it striving so madly to force its way into this room of death?

The door was fast shut, the window too high for observation, no human eye could see. With the pipe tightly clasped in her shaking hand, she approached the bed.

. . . . . .

The doctor was tired. Letting himself in the silent house by his latch-key, on his return from the dinner-party, and divesting himself of his outdoor garments, he made his way to the cosy smoking-room. Here he found the thoughtful Parker had left a brilliant fire, before which was drawn his favourite armchair, and a small table bearing a box of cigarettes, a whisky decanter, hot water, sugar, and lemon.

He mixed himself a stiff potion, and threw himself down in the chair, with a sigh of contentment extending his feet to the welcome blaze. Mechanically he felt in his pocket for his pipe, but it was not there. Where had he put it? He remembered he was charging it with tobacco when interrupted by the entrance of Parker with the note; probably he had laid it down somewhere and had forgotten all about it. He took a liberal gulp of the hot whisky and water, and, in putting down the glass, suddenly noticed the pipe on the table. Ah! no doubt Parker had found it, and had placed it where his master would see it. What an excellent fellow was Parker, he reflected, as the genial spirit sent a warm glow through his whole being, so quiet and orderly, so thoughtful in ministering to his comfort.

He opened the tobacco-pouch, and lazily resumed the filling of the pipe. It was an action over which he liked to dally; it was almost as soothing to his nerves as the smoking itself, he mentally decided. One could not possibly perform the operation in a hurry. At last the filling was completed; the trailing shreds of tobacco had been pressed into the bowl by the long, nervous hands; the pouch had been folded and returned to his pocket, and he looked about for matches. They were on the mantelpiece, and he arose and stood with one foot on the fender, enjoying the warmth of the fire. He deliberately selected a match, and, striking it on the side of the box, raised the pipe towards his lips.

Suddenly he caught sight of his face in the mirror over the mantelpiece, and noticed, with a start, a little red crescent on his forehead. It was where the coin had struck him. He remained staring at the wheal so long that the match, burning down, scorched his fingers, and with a start of pain he dropped both match and pipe. He made a vain effort to catch it, but, slipping through his fingers, the pipe struck the marble hearth, and was smashed into several pieces. The little cone of tobacco fell out and rolled along the hearth.

"Damn!" said the doctor.

He gathered up the fragments and examined them; the damage was irreparable. With a shrug of his shoulders he tossed the pieces among the red-hot coals. Then, sinking into the armchair, he selected and lighted a cigarette, and, leaning back, with lazy eyes he watched the curling smoke-wreaths drifting upwards.

ARTHUR ST. JOHN DOCWRA.

NOTICE TO AUTHORS.

All Stories submitted for the consideration of the Editor of "The Bystander" would, if accompanied by a brief resumé of the plot, enjoy a chance of an early decision. Many manuscripts reach this office daily, and the editorial time is limited.

From Stage to Altar

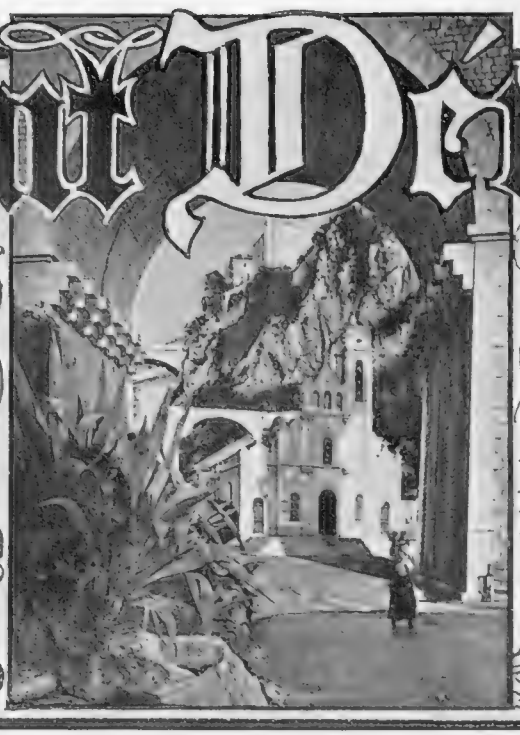
Photo *Dover Street Studios*

MRS. H. DELAVAL ASTLEY

Who, before her marriage, was Miss May Kinder, and appeared in Mr. Edwardes' musical productions at Daly's Theatre. She is a charming American girl, and her recent marriage to Mr. H. Delaval Astley, a son of the famous house of Astley, is causing a good deal of comment in America

Saint Dévote

The Patron Saint of Monte Carlo



The Church in the Ravine de Sainte Devote, which Shelters the Relics of Monte Carlo's Patron Saint

The Legend of the White Dove

In the Ravine de Sainte Dévote, which cuts the hillside in twain, just where Monaco in some prehistoric age joined up with Monte Carlo's rock, is a tiny and, truth to tell, none too beautiful church, that shelters the *reliques* of the Saint Dévote whose fête is celebrated with great pomp of Church and State on January 27 of each year. Saint Dévote, Virgin and Martyr, and *patronne* of the house of Grimaldi for centuries, came originally to the little Phocean fishing village, which was here, some sixteen centuries ago, or rather her remains were brought from Corsica, where she suffered her martyrdom. Her dead body arrived, in the care of two young priests of the Church, in a barque," without sails, or oars, or cordage." The craft, after having suffered the stress of wind and wave, finally drifted gently to land one spring evening, A.D. 303, just as the fisher-folk were drawing in their boats for the night. As the prow of the frail craft scraped the sands a white dove flew to shore, and the young men reverently lifted the body of the saint and transported it to the mouth of the ravine, and begged the privilege of burying it there, recounting to the astonished fishermen and women the story of her life.

An Attempt at Theft

The written history of the Seigneurs of Monaco relates that, in the year 968, Gibelline Grimaldi chased the Saracens from his territory and the surrounding waters, by the grace and the direct help of Saint Dévote, who appeared before him accompanied by the now sacred white dove, and led him on to victory. The Grimaldi and their descendants, from that miraculous day to this, took Dévote as their patron saint, as indeed she had already been adopted by their subjects. In 1070 a Florentine named Antinope attempted to steal the precious *reliques* of the saint, which in the meantime had lain safely guarded in the little chapel which had been built for them at the entrance of the ravine; and though in part he accomplished his object, he was not actually able to make sail on the ship to which he had carried them, though all the other craft roundabout were putting to sea, with the wind as favourable for one as another. The inhabitants seeing in this another miracle assumed a strength and courage which had hitherto been wanting, and were able to recover the precious body and replace it in its shrine. Antinope was judged by the then reigning Grimaldi and was condemned to have his nose and ears cut off as a punishment. It was a little hard on Antinope, who surely could only have had devout reasons for the attempted theft.

Celebrating the Feast

On the fête day of Saint Dévote, each year in January, even now that Monte Carlo, besides being the most ravishly beautiful spot in the world, has become the most *mondaine*, a grand procession and a general rejoicing are held amid a throng of pilgrims of all sorts and conditions of men and women. To suggest the symbolism of old a boat is decorated and set out from shore all alight as a protest against the attempted piratical seizure of the remains in the olden time. Just how this symbolism applies is vague, but the boat and the dove figure as of old, and Church and State combine to make the ceremony most gorgeously imposing. The Bishop of Monaco (for the tiny principality has a Bishop and a Cathedral of its own, as it has an army and a Minister of Foreign Affairs), the civic and Church dignitaries, and, often enough, the Prince of Monaco himself, and always a representative of the Cercle des Étrangers, combine to give an *éclat* and catholicity to the occasion that many simple peasant fêtes of a religious purport entirely lack.

ISABEL FLOYD-JONES.

Train versus Elephant

A SOUTH AFRICAN FORAY WHICH RESULTED IN THE KNOCK-OUT OF BOTH COMBATANTS

THE DEAD ELEPHANT AFTER THE COLLISION

An extraordinary accident occurred recently to the train travelling from Victoria Falls to Buluwayo. At a point about twelve miles north of Melinde, a number of wild elephants crossed the line, and one huge brute was knocked down and severely injured. The engine was derailed and seemed to be in as bad a plight as the elephant. A passenger fortunately had his big-game rifle with him, and was able to put the animal out of misery. The elephant was 10ft. 6in. in height from shoulder to ground, and 20ft. long from tip of trunk to tail. His fine tusks measured 12in. in diameter. The carriage on the left of the picture, it will be noticed is reserved for "Natives only." It seems to lack something in the way of ventilation

"Blooding" a Future Duke

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HEIR ENTERS UPON A NOVITIATE OF SPORT

The Marquis of Worcester at the first Meet of his Harriers at Badminton

The heir to the Beaufort Dukedom, as stated in THE BYSTANDER of December 22, is the youngest Master of Hounds in the kingdom. In addition to owning his own pack of harriers, he takes a keen interest in his father's famous pack of foxhounds. On this occasion he underwent the ordeal of being "blooded"

The Marquis of Worcester (centre) Captains a Football Team

The young Marquis, who is only ten years old, is now home for the Christmas holidays, and recently captained a team of Badminton village boys against a similar side from Weston Birt. The Duchess of Beaufort very kindly provided the boots and clothes for the young village sportsmen, who hugely enjoyed being led by the little Marquis

"The Bystander" OUTDOOR LIFE SECTION.

Famous Hunts at Home: No. VII.—Mr. J. S. H. Fullerton, of Thrybergh, the Acting-Master of the Badsworth Hunt

Mr. Fullerton has done yeoman's service in the past for the Hunt. During his Mastership from 1895-1903 he showed extraordinarily good sport, despite the fact that when he took over the pack there were hardly any foxes owing to mange. Mr. Fullerton is also Master of the Pe.istone Harriers, a pack dating back to 1260! These are a unique type of hound nowadays the dogs being exceptionally big. Mrs. Fullerton, who is most popular everywhere, is a daughter of Mrs. Clarke, so well known and equally well liked in hunting circles. She rides well to hounds, and, like her husband and mother, is devoted to sport. In this respect her sons are naturally following in their parents' excellent footsteps, and are being well entered to hounds

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME:

No. VII.—The Badsworth

"Noblethorpe," the Residence near Barnsley of Mr. Fullerton, Acting-Master of the Badsworth

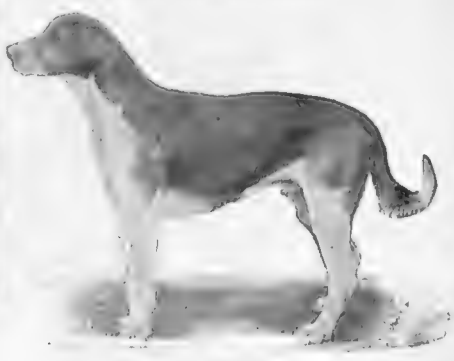
OF the sixteen packs of foxhounds which hunt Yorkshire's broad acres, the Badsworth is one of great historic interest. It takes its name from a small village, and extends roughly from Pontefract and Wakefield in the north to Doncaster in the south, and from Barnsley in the west to Selby in the east. It is a good deal hampered by railways, which cross it in all directions. Among these is that most luxurious and punctual of systems—the Midland. Collieries and vast populations have sprung up in recent years, and are spreading eastwards to the detriment of the low country, which always was considered as good as anything in Yorkshire. The western side is an ideal country for a huntsman, though hardly so for a riding man, for the woods are very large and well stocked with foxes which take a lot of killing. Tremendous hills, chiefly grass, carrying a lot of scent, with stone walls, are the predominant feature here. The northern side, where many great and historic runs have taken place, is never now hunted, owing to collieries and to commercial enterprises, which have converted it into a chain of small, smoke-begrimed towns. Happily the country is well foxed, and foxes here are looked upon as there for sport and sportsmen, and as such are strictly preserved and left alone. The fields average small. In the west country they are always well mounted, particularly the ladies from the Rookwood Harriers, who go most gallantly. That the country generally is not what it used to be in Lord Darlington and Lord Hawke's days is due entirely to the discovery of coal in the very centre of the Hunt. The country now bristles with tall chimneys, whose never-ending smoke has altered the aspect of the one-time charming scenery.

Rally, by Cheshire Racer

A 17½lb. Fox Killed by the Badsworth
Aged 6 years at least. One of his enormous front under fangs was broken off before he was killed

Norman, by Belvoir Viscount

Lorna, by Bramham Cromwell



Factor, by Milton Fortescue

Article and photographs by Leonard Willoughby

Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton and the Badsworth Pack

The Badsworth Dog Pack Leaving Kennels for Exercise

Mr. Fullerton, the Acting-Master, on Signal, Champion Hunter at Islington last March, and Mrs. Fullerton

The Bitch Pack, with Alfred Sheppard (the Huntsman) and Whips, at Kennels

The kennels are one and a half miles from Ackworth Station, three miles south of Pontefract. Though commodious, they are somewhat old-fashioned. The hounds have the reputation of being really excellent in their work, owing to the many years of careful breeding, solely for work, by Mr. Wright, a former Master. The dog hounds have distinguished themselves at Peterborough, showing plenty of bone, good necks and shoulders, and quality generally of highly bred foxhounds. The bitches, also, are extremely level and of a distinct type of their own. They still retain characteristics of former years, for they have always been celebrated for their beautiful cry, their dash, drive, and stamina. The principal strains are Milton, Belvoir, Wentworth, and Bramham

GAMES AND PASTIMES

GOLF NOTES

A Book for the Average Golfer

Of all games played by the Anglo-Saxon race, golf must surely easily carry off the palm in the mass of its educational literature. Ever since 1857, when, so far as I know, the earliest golf manual made its appearance, there has been a steady stream of books purporting to teach the young idea how to play the game of golf. The "Keen Hand" that penned "The Golfer's Manual" has long since gone to his rest, but his small and excellent book has been the progenitor of a goodly family of tomes.

No doubt some ardent collector has a complete set of these golf bibles, from the one I have just mentioned to the latest comer, which I propose to review to-day, with the early Badminton, Sir Walter Simpson, and Taylor, Vardon, and Braid thrown in. If a game can be learned from a book of instructions, then, indeed, golf ought to be easily acquired. Every class of golfer would seem to have been catered for, from the beginner to the expert, and the question might fairly be asked whether there was room for yet another manual. Whatever be our opinion as to the proper answer to this question, the authors of *The Six Handicap Golfer's Companion*, by "Two of His Kind" (Mills and Boon, 49, Whitcomb Street), have with stout courage answered it in the affirmative. They think that those who have preceded them in the laborious task of teaching have mainly addressed themselves to the duffer and the expert, leaving out of their purview that large class of golfers who are in the transition stage, between the caterpillar and the butterfly so to speak. Their aim is to help this class to better itself, to use the phrase sacred to domestic service circles, and to rise on stepping-stones of its dead self to higher things. From the modest eminence to which they themselves have attained, the authors survey the road they have traversed and set themselves the task to instruct their fellow-pilgrims on the best methods for reaching the goal which they have compassed. They have recognised that once this haven is won further ambitions will prick the travel-stained toiler, and so they have called in the aid of Mr. H. H. Hilton, one of the most scientific players extant, who, in a fascinating chapter, entitled "Scientific Wooden Club Play," discourses of the mysteries of voluntary hooking and slicing as aids to the higher life of golf.

Golf the Ubiquitous

The Club-house at Helouan. The caddie, donkey boy, and patient ass waiting for their employer, who is lunching within

Most of us do these two things fairly often at the wrong moment, and are, therefore, only too happy to adopt Taylor's gospel and go for straightness as the most paying game. But if you are a juggler, merely to throw up a ball and catch it is but a dull thing. Six at a time or nothing becomes the motto. Therefore those who aspire to the brevet of golf jugglery may be advised to peruse Mr. Hilton's chapter, with the caution that these scientific shots are, like powerful drugs, only to be used at rare intervals and in great moderation. But the rest of the book is an endeavour in plain, clear, and sober language to take the average golfer through all the stages of the game and teach him the lines of least resistance on which he had best proceed in his endeavour to obtain a modest mastery of the elusive game. Our authors are never dogmatic, and they are careful always to impress on their readers the necessity of adapting their shots to the peculiarities of their physique. The mistake most men make is to take some notable model and endeavour slavishly to imitate his methods, regardless of differences of height, build, length of arm, and strength of fingers. Those who read this book ought certainly not to fall into this fatal error. Its simplicity will commend it to those who have puzzled over other and more scientific treatises.

Golf the Ubiquitous

Players and their caddies ferrying across the stream at Cannes

There is an excellent chapter by Mr. H. S. Colt on handicapping and allied points, which should appeal to budding golf secretaries, and there are some admirable illustrations of various shots from photographs of the ex-champion, Jack White. As an aid in the forming and carrying out of good resolutions for better play in the New Year this new "Companion" will, I have no doubt, be found most useful.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Next Saturday's Big Match

There is a distinct feeling abroad that England has a better chance of beating Wales in next Saturday's International than she has had for some years past. If she does, it will be her first success

in this particular match since 1898, although she managed to draw at Leicester in 1904. Last year, however, the score by which Wales won was much smaller (a goal and a try to nil) than it had been since the drawn match just referred to, nor is there any doubt that during the past two or three seasons English form has been improving. The question is whether it has improved sufficiently to come up to the Welsh standard, which cannot be said to have deteriorated appreciably, if at all, in the corresponding period. In considering this question there is one fact that cannot be got over, and that is that club football in Wales is still superior to club football elsewhere; we cannot show three club teams as good as Newport, Cardiff, and Swansea, against whom the touring teams—some of them powerful enough—which visited Wales at Christmas-time could make little or no headway. These three clubs form the nucleus, and a very compact nucleus, of the Welsh team. The fact that in England the talent is more widely distributed is a disadvantage; it is harder to find, and less likely to make a compact side when found. If we had two or three teams like, say, the Harlequins, who were old rivals like Newport, Cardiff, and Swansea, and knew each others' play, we should have a better chance of turning out a good national side than we have from the dozens of teams which are just sufficiently raised above the dead level of mediocrity to "claim recognition." The Welshmen will not have the advantage of playing at home—which is always to them a decided advantage—but, on the other hand, the Twickenham ground, unless the weather is on its very best behaviour, is likely to be soft, if not actually muddy, and this will be in their favour.

Well Saved!

Miss Pott, the Sussex goal-keeper, saves cleverly (if somewhat riskily) a long shot in the ladies' county hockey match at Surbiton, in which Surrey beat Sussex by five goals to three

Wales v. France

The match between Wales and France on New Year's Day was not one from which any deductions as to the probable strength of Wales can be drawn. Wales won by 49 points to 14, in spite of the fact that the French are obviously learning more about the game every year, and that this team showed an advance, in many respects, upon its predecessors. And 49 points to 14 seems about good enough for all practical purposes. Yet some critics do not think so. Nevertheless, I shall be surprised if the Welsh do not prove next Saturday to be as good as ever they were, and unless their half-backs fail them, or are out-manœuvred by ours, we must look out for squalls.

CRICKET

First Blood to South Africa

Whether they are winning or whether they are losing we ought to feel grateful to the M.C.C. team in South Africa for taking up, in the daily papers, space which would otherwise, in all probability, be devoted to the Everlasting Topic of which we are all so heartily tired that it is hardly possible to take even a sporting interest in it. Judging by the two most important matches played so far our men have the appearance of being a team that is never done with. It is true that there was a close finish to the first Test, and that our last three wickets did well to get within nineteen runs of the required hundred, but this hardly atones for the poor show made by the team as a whole after being at one time in such a commanding position. However, I do not believe in jumping at conclusions from one or two results. The fight has only just begun and a lot remains to be got through before it is over. We need not despair of England yet.

W. J. Trew (Swansea): The Welsh Captain

Wales v. France: The fight for possession from a throw in

Although in the first International match of the season Wales beat France, at Swansea, by 49 points to 14, the Frenchmen showed that they have learnt a lot more about the game since last year

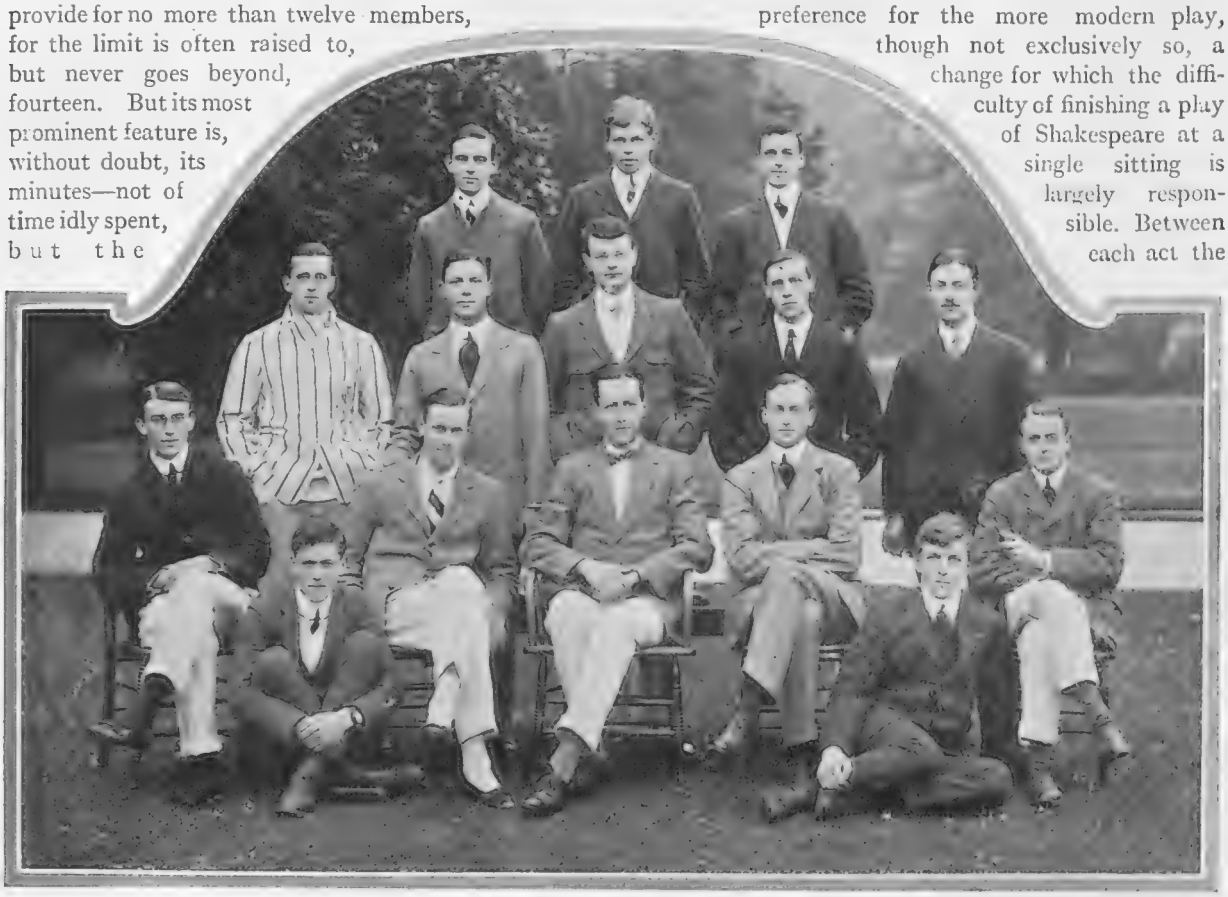
M. Lane (Racing Club de France): The French Captain

Famous College Clubs

No. XI.—THE "FIREFLIES," ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE

FOUNDED in 1883, the "Fireflies" Club of St. John's College, Cambridge, is in many respects unique among kindred societies. It meets on Sundays, fortnightly, after Hall, during the two winter terms; its members partake of nothing more harmful than coffee, together with a specially prepared savoury of sardines on toast; it bars guests from the festal (?) board; and will have nothing whatever to do with either club colours, special uniform, or toasts. It very frequently transgresses one of its own rules, which provide for no more than twelve members, for the limit is often raised to, but never goes beyond, fourteen. But its most prominent feature is, without doubt, its minutes—not of time idly spent, but the recorded facts of its meetings. These, compiled by each secretary during his tenure of office, are couched in a strain of wit and humour, reaching as a rule an exceptionally high standard of merit, and provide ample scope for that discussion which forms so entertaining a prelude to the serious business of the evening. For the club, in contradistinction to most college societies, has a serious purpose. This is quite other than merely social; it is educational and instructive in so far as instruction may be gained by the reading of plays. For the "Fireflies" is a Reading Club, and, in its inception, really a rejuvenation, so to speak, of "The Thespids," a dramatic society which flourished in the 'seventies but had been allowed to die out. During the earlier years of the "Fireflies" members confined themselves almost exclusively to the plays of Shakespeare and Sheridan, but there was a rule that plays were to absorb no more than two evenings of term, readings of poems or from the works of Charles Dickens being given at the other meetings of the Society.

Doubtless with a view to dispel dull monotony and to enliven the proceedings, music was introduced during the 'nineties, and songs were sung by different members after the reading of the play, but the musical side has now completely dropped out, and the evenings are devoted entirely to reading. Moreover, present tendency works in the direction of preference for the more modern play, though not exclusively so, a change for which the difficulty of finishing a play of Shakespeare at a single sitting is largely responsible. Between each act the attention of the members is turned to fruit and other delicacies provided by the host of the evening, each member entertaining the club for one meeting.



Members of the "Fireflies," St. John's, Cambridge

Several well-known names appear among the list of past presidents of the club, and of these one may mention Messrs. W. McDougall (now Psychological Lecturer at Oxford), J. J. Robinson (the "Rugger" and Cricket Blue and "Rugger" International), P. G. Jacobs (the Rugby Blue and International half-back), J. H. Beith (author of "Young Blood," etc.), J. K. C. Greenless ('Varsity and Scottish Rugby captain), Rev. C. D. Robinson (the South African wicket-keeper), W. T. Ritchie (the "Rugger" Blue and famous Scottish three-quarter), E. D. Evans (Rugby Blue), H. Sanger (president C.U.B.C.), and G. M. C. Taylor (the "Soccer" Blue). May the "Fireflies" long continue to flourish and prove a proud ornament of its college.

R. C. R.

RACING AND HUNTING NOTIONS

The Entries

Like the Biblical personage who "smelleth the battle afar off," the racegoer greets the publication of the entries for the spring handicaps with considerable satisfaction. He may have come out of last season badly. He may still be smarting under the failure of "good things" which proved, alas! not quite good enough. Yet he is ready for another round, and if he is by way of being an amateur handicapper, he will find plenty of interest in apportioning the weights in the Lincoln and kindred races. In the winter we soon grow tired of seeing Perdicus and company trying to beat each other every day, and though there are some interesting steeplechase meetings ahead, it is a distinct relief to turn to the entries for the chief flat races.

Lincoln Horses

Of course, we find plenty of dear old friends in the Lincoln. For how many years has Kaffir Chief been in this race? And Dean Swift, Dalkeith, Procope, and others—how they do revive memories of what seems to be the dim and distant past. But there are newcomers of much moment. Lord Carnarvon's pair, Valens and Mustapha, have, for example, a sort of fascination in their names. I think we shall hear of this couple pretty frequently before the Lincoln is run on March 15. Then there is Christmas Daisy, who startled us by his runaway victory in the Cambridgeshire; also the American-bred Sir Martin, who in my opinion will win a greater race in England this year than he did last. He is, in a word, a horse to be followed.

Minoru

In later handicaps we see that His Majesty has entered Minoru, and providing the colt is not run out of his distance he should credit the King with some more good races. Nobody who watched Minoru battle out that stern fight right away from Tattenham Corner in the Derby can doubt his courage. He is a horse of beautiful action, and though, perhaps, just missing real greatness, I fancy he is well up to the average of Derby winners. That, however, is a point on which we shall be able to express a more definite opinion later in the year. Among recent events in cross-country racing, the success of Wychwood at 20 to 1 at Gatwick was the most surprising. His form just previously had been poor, but the bookmaker who laid £100 to a cigar that he would not score evidently overlooked the fact that only last season Wychwood won the big National Hunt Steeplechase at Warwick. The best racing this week will be at Hurst Park, where one or two of Mr. Assheton-Smith's crack jumpers may be brought out. I expect to see **Holy War** win the Suffolk Steeplechase on Friday, and **Jerry M** the Open Steeplechase on the following day. For the Surbiton Steeplechase I fancy **Johnstown Lad**, and for the January Hurdle Race **Misère.**

CARBINE.

Hunting Topics

Since Christmas hunting people have been in luck. The weather has been eminently favourable for hounds, and sport has been excellent in all parts. Another satisfactory feature of the past few weeks has been the settlement of the dispute in Warwickshire. I trust it is a permanent relief of recent troubles. Lord Willoughby de Broke has come out on top, just as he did in similar circumstances a year ago. As I hinted last week, it has been definitely decided that the pack shall have a joint Master next season, and speculation is busy in Warwickshire as to the identity of the sportsman who is to join Lord Willoughby de Broke. Joint Masterships would seem to be fashionable nowadays, as in the Ludlow country an arrangement has just been made by which Mr. Frederick Milbank is joined by Mr. H. J. Allcroft, a local sportsman, whose presence in the field will enable his partner to devote sole attention to hounds. Mr. Milbank is undoubtedly one of the smartest amateur huntsmen of the time, but he has discovered how difficult it is to fill the two jobs of Master and huntsman.

Warwickshire Ladies—

Deep regret was caused throughout the Midlands by the death last week of Mrs. Alice Gifford, as the result of an accident while hunting in the Warwickshire country. She was a keen rider to hounds, and will be much missed in several hunting districts. Warwickshire, by the way, can claim some of the best horsewomen in the kingdom. Lady Willoughby de Broke, for instance, is generally there or thereabouts when hounds run. She is most resolute, and can manage an awkward horse better than the majority of people. For real pluck and persistence, Mrs. P. C. Puckle takes a high place in the Warwickshire field, and another brilliant horsewoman is Mrs. W. Holden. Noted for her keenness for the sport and her excellence across country is the Hon. Mrs. Adderley, whose father was the late Mr. Robert Watson, the famous Irish M.F.H., and her brother, the late Mr. John Watson, one of the best sportsmen of his age. Lady Pery Pole also goes very well when she hunts with the Warwickshire.

—And Leicestershire

Obviously the Warwickshire is not the only Hunt justifiably proud of its lady-riders. In every field nowadays the horsewoman takes her place with the horseman, and in many cases she can hold her own with him when hounds run. The Quorn, for instance, have many brilliant lady followers, and in a recent issue of a sporting magazine I mentioned some of the best of them. Mrs. Guy Fenwick, who has a "good eye to hounds," and knows what they are doing; Mrs. Laycock, who possesses a fine hunting-field style; Lady Milbanke, Mrs. A. Burnaby, Mrs. D. Beatty, Mrs. R. B. Muir, and Mrs. W. Lawson are among the lady first-fighters of Leicestershire.

A. W. C.

Beauty and the Beast

Photo *Horace Nicholls*

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P&O Round the World Tours

Forcing Plants in Winter

Amateur gardeners who are anxious to obtain early flowers are often doubtful how far they may go in using artificial heat. Generally speaking, plants which have first to form roots, such as bulbs, must be grown slowly for a time—that is to say, until their roots are formed—whereas plants already provided with roots may be placed in a high temperature at once. The latter are mainly spring-flowering shrubs, such as lilacs, with flower-buds fully developed and ready to open, easily distinguishable from the thinner and more pointed wood-buds. The aim of the grower should be to get these flower-buds to open quickly, for they are certain to remain dormant and eventually to drop off if the wood-buds take the lead. Even in spring bulbs, such as daffodils, the flower-buds are actually present in the previous autumn, as may be seen by careful dissection, but they are in such an immature stage that, except in a few cases—Sauromatum guttalum is a notable instance—a rise of temperature alone is not sufficient for their development. Hence the importance of getting the roots to grow first. In lilies of the valley we have an advance on ordinary bulbs, for if plump three-year-old crowns are chosen they have both flower-buds and roots. They may, therefore, be forced without any preliminary treatment. The usual method is to plant the crowns thickly in pots of light, rich soil, pack them in a box of fibre, saturate them with water, cover them with another box to exclude the light, and support them on the hot-water pipes by means of a couple of bricks. With plenty of moisture and a high temperature (from 90° to 100°), they will flower in two or three weeks.

Photo] **Wrest Park: The Yew Hedge, which is 350 Years Old and 25ft. Thick** *[H. W. King*

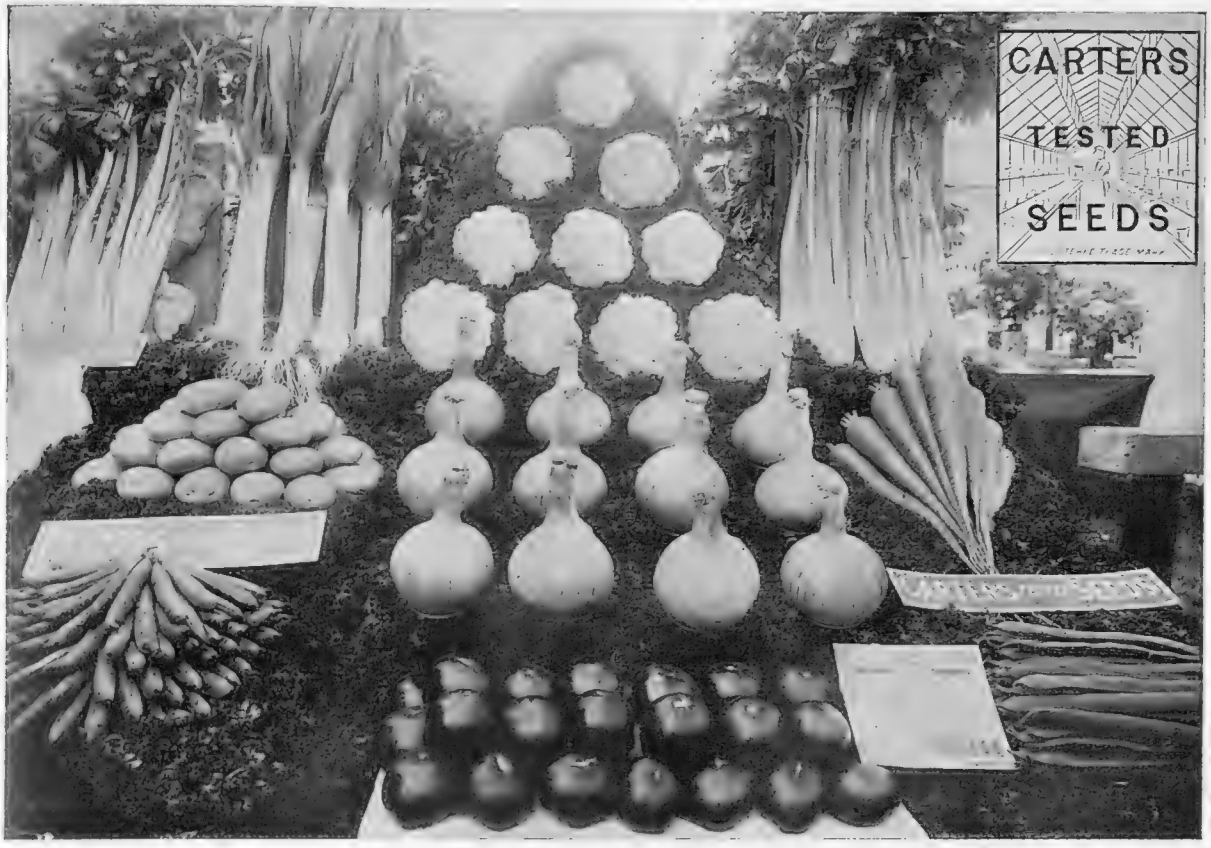
Clipping and Planting Hedges

Deciduous hedges are always pruned in autumn or winter, and though evergreen hedges are generally left until spring, they also may be clipped now with perfect safety, except, perhaps, in very exposed positions. As this is a comparatively slack time in the garden, it is a good plan to get the work done. If it should cause the buds to start so early that the young growth is damaged by frost, all traces of injury may be removed by clipping again then. The hedge should not be vertical, but should slope back towards the top, so as to let rain and sunlight reach the base, and an aggressively straight line should be avoided. The rugged shape of the magnificent yew hedge at Wrest Park will serve as an excellent object-lesson. Though September and April are considered the best months for moving individual evergreen trees and shrubs, there is little risk in planting them now in open weather. Being so close together, they protect one another. A landscape gardener declares that he would never hesitate to transplant hollies in any month of the year. He uses immense quantities for hedges, and that, no doubt, is one reason why the plants so rarely fail and afterwards make such rapid growth. If the soil is left a little below the surface of the surrounding ground, moisture, whether applied artificially or not, will more readily reach the roots, an important matter during the following summer, while top-dressing will be rendered more easy.

H. C. Davidson.

"Walker's Diaries"

"Walker's Diaries" are too well known to need much comment. Their 1910 diaries, from the little tom-thumb size to the pocket-book size, are all beautifully got-up, and are so arranged as to be most useful. The larger sizes not only have space for memoranda on each day, but have specially ruled pages for monthly accounts, etc. Then the Postal Regulations are included and the times of the rising and setting of the sun throughout 1910. To those who like a very small and thin diary, Walker's Quarterly Pocket Diary will appeal. It is in four parts, and at the beginning of each quarter a new part may be slipped into the case. Those who had one of these diaries last year may obain refills for 1910 for *6d.* It is certain that no one should be without one of these diaries.



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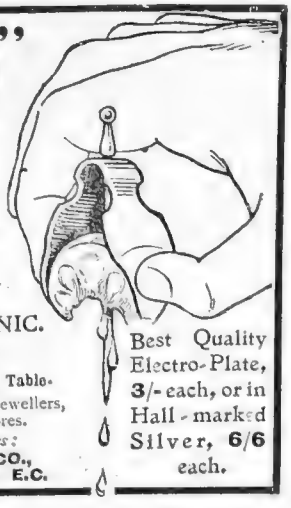

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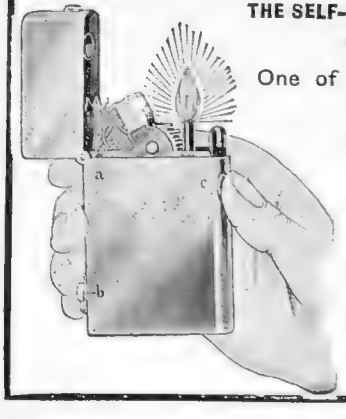

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Free Trading

A considerable amount of discussion has been aroused by the action of the Irish Automobile Club in extending the hand of fellowship to one of the Motor Co-operative Societies which have come prominently before the motoring public within the past few months. The position is of interest to all car-owners, and may with advantage be very briefly outlined. Overtures were made by the managers of a co-operative trading concern suggesting that the I.A.C. should become affiliated thereto with the view of enabling members to obtain on preferential terms such accessories as might from time to time be required. The Committee of the Irish Club declined to accept the invitation, but arranged that the Club secretary should become a member of the Co-operative Society so that through his instrumentality every member of the I.A.C. might avail himself of such advantages of reduction in price as the promoters of the scheme are able to afford. It is, of course, round this point that controversy has arisen. The Royal Automobile Club Committee held a special meeting to discuss the matter, and to consider the advisability or otherwise of following suit. The decision arrived at was clearly against any such action, but no injunction was laid upon any of the affiliated clubs throughout the country which may, one and all if they so desire, follow the lead of their Irish *confrères*. Frankly, I think the action of the R.A.C. the more dignified of the two courses pursued, and I must confess inability to see wherein any of its members have suffered, or are likely to suffer, thereby. It is always open for any individual motorist to join any or all of such co-operative trading concerns on his own account, no matter to what club he may belong, and the avowed objects and legitimate aims of an automobile club are much more likely to be advanced where there is no taint of commercialism.

The Late Mrs. Edward Manville

One of the foremost pioneers among lady automobilists. Mrs. Edward Manville was a prominent figure in motor competitions and an enthusiastic and active member of the committee of the Ladies' Automobile Club

In motor matters, as in other more important affairs, the manufacturer or producer and the consumer or customer are brought together by the agent or middleman, and it is at least questionable whether the expense attending the employment of the last-named is not fully counterbalanced by the conveniences which he affords to both parties. The average motor dealer is an honourable business man of experience and probity, whose success in life must largely depend on the goodwill of his clients. It is to his interest to secure his patrons against overcharges and improper practices of all kinds. The universal adoption of the co-operative principle would ultimately eliminate the agent from the scheme of things, a consummation by no means beneficial to the motoring community. Every practical motorist with a month's experience behind him knows how dependent he is from time to time on the local dealer, and until the various co-operative associations are able to establish branches in every town and village throughout the kingdom they cannot hope to fill the place of the ordinary garage-keeper. It is frequently asserted, and with some reason, that the rates charged by most motor dealers and garage proprietors are exorbitant, and if the threatened competition should bring about any amelioration in this direction, the existence of the co-operators will certainly be justified without the stamp of official recognition.

Catechising Candidates

Apropos of the remarks on electioneering tactics in last week's BYSTANDER, I have received a copy of a list of questions which the Berkshire Automobile and Aero Club has decided to address to all Parliamentary candidates within reach of its operations. The principal points of inquiry very closely resemble those suggested in this column, and concern (1) increase of speed limit on open roads, (2) endorsement of licenses and the substitution of clean sheets on the

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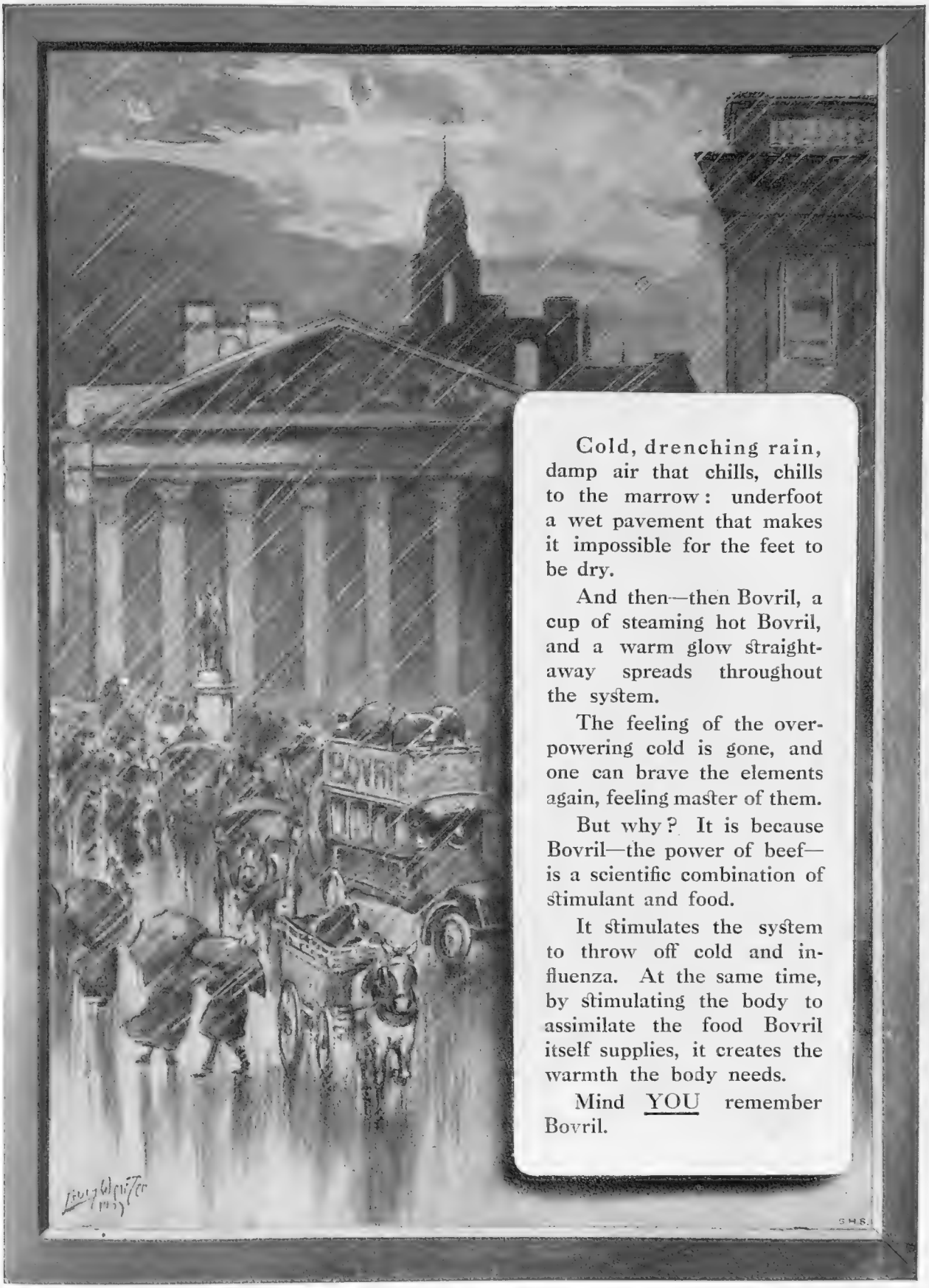
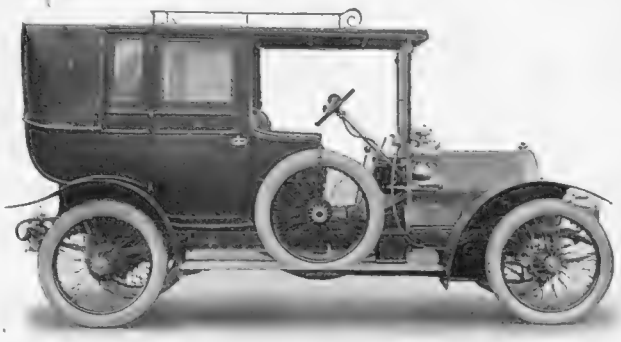


BOVRIL WEATHER.

expiration of two years after any given conviction, (3) reduction and readjustment of penalties for merely technical offences, and (4) the compulsory lighting of all vehicles at night. In this connection I may remind my readers that the Royal Commission on the working of the Motor-Car Acts recommended in 1906 the abolition of a speed limit on open roads, and expressed the opinion that the provisions of Section 1 of the Act of 1903 were fully adequate to cover all cases of negligent or reckless driving, irrespective of the question of speed. The executive of the Automobile Association for their part have determined upon a characteristically thorough programme during the course of the election campaign. This is nothing less than the taking of a plebiscite of the opinions on motor politics of every voter who shall be conveyed to and from the poll by self-propelled traction. Cards for the purpose have been printed, and may be had from the Secretary of the A.A., Mr. Stenson Cooke, whose address is Prince's Buildings, Coventry Street, London, W. Motoring readers of THE BYSTANDER who propose to lend their cars for election purposes are requested to communicate with Mr. Stenson Cooke witout delay.



An Episcopal Car

This 17 h.-p. Maudslay landaulette has just been acquired by the Bishop of Winchester to replace a similar car presented to his Lord-ship two years ago

The Queen of Siam, following the fashion, wished to become the owner of a motor-car. Her advisers recommended her to buy a six-cylinder Napier because Napiers are the best and British-built throughout.

Miscellanea

Another highly gratifying triumph for an all-British car has been scored by the Invincible Talbots in the recent Transvaal Automobile hill-climbing contest, the little 12 h.-p. models scoring first, third, and fourth positions against a field of over 200 cars of English, French, and American make.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of suitable and efficient clothing when motoring, and ladies especially should hasten to obtain one of the new illustrated catalogues issued by Messrs, Dunhill, of 2, Conduit Street, W., 359, Euston Road, and Glasgow and Manchester. This publication, one of the most comprehensive and attractive ever issued from the press, contains over 300 pages of absorbing interest to every car-owner, while illustrations of clothing and accessories run well into four figures. The owner, the driver, and the passenger are all catered for in the most lavish manner, and Messrs. Dunhill may well be proud of their handsome production.

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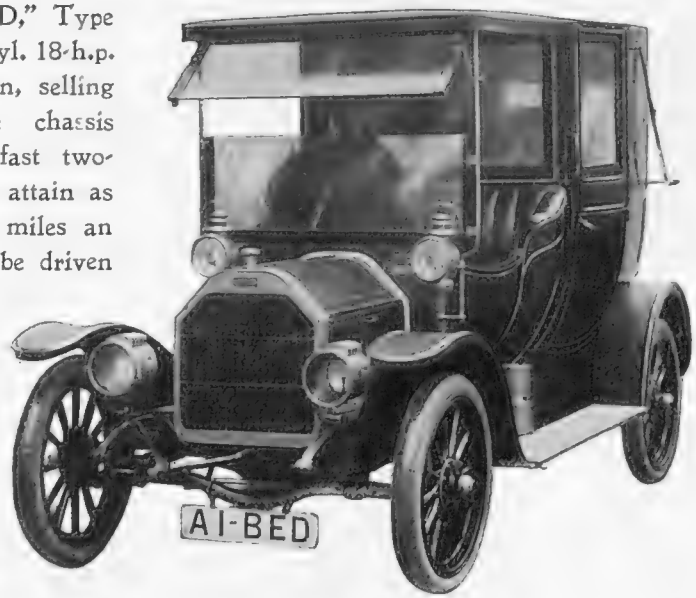

The "Bedford" Car has come to stay, and as we understand the Company has already booked orders for more than half their 1910 output it is essential that each and every reader who wants a car for the coming year should place an order for a £200 Gold Medal "Bedford" Chassis during the month of January.

You cannot miss the enormous premises in Long Acre, W.C. Bedford House — the Home of the Bedford Car—is fast becoming a London landmark.

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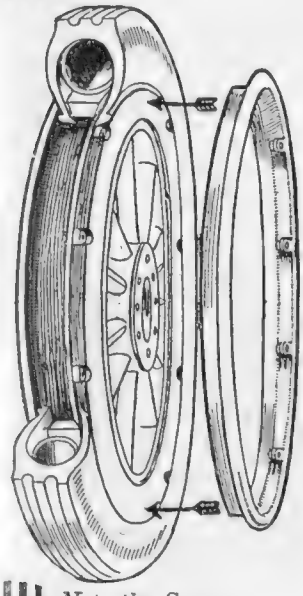

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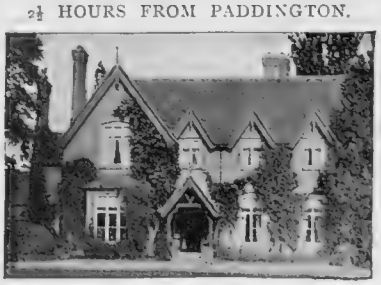

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SOUTH DEVONSHIRE COAST (commanding magnificent and extensive views), 350ft. above the sea level on south-west slope.—4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling; motor-house.

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TO BE SOLD, an attractive, moderate-sized RESIDENCE, in excellent order, in pretty grounds of 14 acres; church, village, and golf links 1 mile. Would be LET, Furnished.—Box K 4,418, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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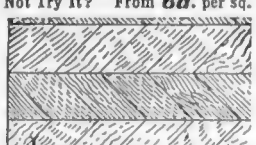

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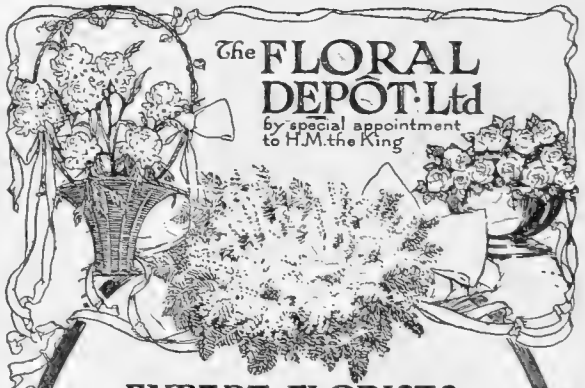

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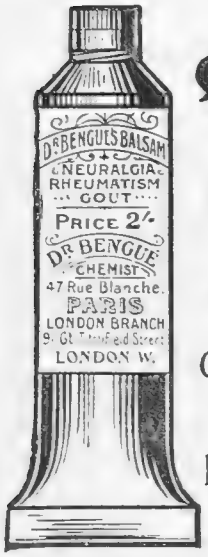

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By MRS. JACK MAY

At the half-time of the sales, now within measurable distance, the reductions will be again reduced, a procedure that practically amounts to things being given away. It is an alluring hour, I admit, to those who are possessed of the proper bargain spirit. It so chances that I am intimately acquainted with several of these curiously gifted persons, one of whom, in quick quest of smart raiment suitable to the South, escorted me to

The London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street

Where a series of French models are being offered at considerably less than half the usual prices, together with a ready-to-wear day costume, fashioned of cloth or serge in the approved Princesse *moyenage* style, with a deep-kilted flounce, set on with buttoned tabs of the material, threaded with a silk scarf, which latter is repeated in narrower form about the oval-shaped *décolletage* below a tucked chemisette. And for this eminently smart gown, just the very thing for the passionate rinking craze, the London Corset Company are asking the incredibly small sum of 4*os.* 6*d.*

Pictorial evidence is afforded of the models to be disposed of, the example illustrated representing a *distingué* restaurant toilette of silk *mousseline-crêpon* in a quite novel shade of copper-pink, really a pastel flame shade, trimmed with finger-depths of mink and infinitesimal pipings of black satin, a sable note that is taken up in a clear chemisette of Chantilly lace. Draperies, most deftly disposed, characterise the corsage, the sleeves being manœuvred in one with these, while the fronts part either side a vest of coarse cream crash, worked with a delicately coloured floral design in wool, picked out with silk. Altogether a supremely unique effort, and a very real bargain at 10 guineas, in lieu of the original £25.

As goes without saying, the sale here, furthermore, includes many notable corset possibilities, particular emphasis being laid on the firm's world-famed "Tricot" quality, which has been materially reduced. It is impossible to say too much for these corsets, which are the epitome of comfort to wear, and, at the same time, never stretch. Women who, from illness or other causes, have eschewed wearing corsets altogether have been won over to the cause again through the influence of this particular make of "Tricot." Another notable reduction occurs in a range of elastic corsets for special occasions, models individually thought out and created. The Company's ordinary "La Samothrace" corsets commence at 9*s.* 11*d.* during the sale, and the wear of every pair sold is guaranteed. Nor is the rule suspended during the sale of sending corsets on approval on receipt of satisfactory references.

A Restaurant Toilette of Silk Mousseline-Crêpon
(Sketched at the London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street, W., by Kathleen Standage)

A Retrospect

The inevitable pause caused by the sales induces one to think over the modistic efforts of the past three months. When I was first called upon to interview the autumn campaign the doom of the sheath-fitting coat seemed to me as clear as the proverbial pikestaff. And, despite a large percentage of the community who are still exploiting this fancy, I maintain that, so far as the *vraie élégante* is concerned, my conclusion stands good. Shorter,

fuller coats and more "gowny" dresses are advancing in leaps and bounds to the front. The normal waist-line, too, is once again fully recognised. The other sex, to a man, are loud in their thankfulness for this. Not that the modern girl cares a jot whether men approve of her clothes or no. The spirit in regard to the subjecting of men has entirely changed. It has passed far away from the primitive method of personal attraction, and been replaced by some subtle magnetism that for lack of better we are pleased to call smartness. At the same time, the concensus of male opinion has it the recent shapeless, waistless style of dress is hideous, words failing to express their detestation of the millinery in particular.

Speaking of *modes* on a broad basis, it has not been, artistically, a successful season. But, as an optimist, I am quite prepared to believe we have only been passing through a phase, or it would be truer, perhaps, to say phases, and the outlook for the coming months is, to me, decidedly cheerful.

A Beautiful Theatre Wrap

Replete with fantastic drapery and outline when on the figure, these manteaux are often fashioned of satin or silken stuff of so soft and pliable a nature as to fall into a mere wisp when not in use

And a Forecast

Apropos of the Russian tunic. Although this is almost a household word, already there are certain signs and indications that it is one of those strong individual *modes* capable of making a position entirely its own. Most probably we shall be talking quite naturally in the forthcoming months of coats and the Russian tunic. Also, most probably, we shall have the latter so metamorphosed we shall scarcely recognise the original inspiration. The temptation will be to call every manner of banded coat a Russian.

After trailing, with consummate patience, yards of train in our wake, the short skirt is prepared to account itself a big feature in the coming scheme of things. In the matter of material, *moire* easily takes first place, exquisite subtle qualities both in shot and plain colours. There is, too, some significant talk about shepherd's plaid, both large and small, in black and white for the most part, finding acceptance in the early spring, a departure that one is rather disposed to trace to an attempt to weaken the craze for the black gown, a fancy, however, that would most likely have passed naturally away with the hour of the black velveteen.

The Elaboration of Evening Manteaux

Beautiful and still more beautiful grow the lovely restaurant and theatre wraps as decreed by *La Mode*. Replete with fantastic drapery and outline when on the figure, these are frequently fashioned of satin or silken stuffs of so soft and pliable a character as to fall into a mere wisp when not in use.

An exceptionally graceful model is revealed in our pictured sketch. This, of malmaison-pink satin, is draped over a fitted under-part, embroidered in tarnished gold, the folds caught at the back of either arm and in centre back beneath rich ornaments of gold heavily fringed. And the *doublure* to this beauteous confection is a black chiffon, on which a blurred design of great pink roses is painted.

Marvellously successful results are being secured with a very fine soft face-cloth, enhanced with embroidery in tone, either massed about the shoulders or disposed to simulate some *fichu mouvement*. Others, again, are simply finished with broad bands and hems of *moire*. And with these last a Paisley printed *mousseline* creates a most effective lining.

And Paisley, by the way, is a revival that is replete with import in several directions. Blouses and those wide scarves that are almost shawls, edged with marabout, are two among the leading offerings in Paisley-patterned fabrics the success of which rests, in a marked measure, on the rich, carefully mingled colourings.

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Price **10/6** and upwards of all stationers, jewellers and stores. Booklet about it free from Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd., 215 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

IMPORTANT.—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible nib, a special model—the new G has been put on the market. It is exceptional value for the money. Try this new G at your stationers.

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PHOENIX MUFFLERS

A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

New Costumes for the Election

A lady and a writer protested lately through the Press because it is proclaimed that new costume preparations are now in full swing for the fair dames taking part in the General Election. Yet why not, I wonder? I do not wish to uphold reckless extravagance, but a woman has a new dress often enough for a dance, or a dinner, or a race-meeting, and nobody blames her. And being myself a woman, and not one of such stern principles that I never sigh for an unnecessary bow, or ruffle, or pair of slippers, I can quite understand and sympathise with the desire to be freshly gowned for the General Election.

The Importance of Dainty Clothes

After all, the women who are seen about the region of politics on such occasions are seen pretty frequently, and may, therefore, just as well be seen to advantage. It is generally by the wish of their menfolk that they appear in dainty clothes. In fact, if our indignant writer against luxury in dress were to pursue the question more closely, I think she would find that more often than not it proved to be the wiser males who not only provided, but who *suggested* they should provide the new gowns of wife, daughter, or sister canvasser and supporter.

The Other Extreme

After all, if you are going to do a thing, it is best to look nice while doing it. Every self-respecting woman likes, and *ought* to like, to look as nice as possible. We enjoy seeing other people under these circumstances, and it is simply a case of do as you would be done to. Besides, it is natural, and the average person is not required to go against nature in this way, nor is she at her best while doing so. I have known a few superior feminine individuals who professed to despise the so-called vanity of their weaker sisters. I noticed that in almost every case their idea proved a flaw on otherwise fine characters; it deteriorated into untidiness and positive neglect, and I have even known some such elevated creatures so lose their sense of refinement that it troubled them little to have their hands dirty.

Clothes and Politics

We all know that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and therefore a Conservative lady enthusiast or a Radical lady enthusiast should, each from her point of view, set forth on her mission becomingly attired, because though this is only part, still it *is* part, of doing the work as nicely as possible. There was a time when even women thought otherwise. But this was in early days, when, a wider sphere slowly opening before her, she became a little bewildered by her own horizon. Was she learned? Then she could afford to forget such minor points as taste in clothing. Was she philanthropic? Then her mind soared above trifles. But she did not like loneliness on her pedestal; and as more women climbed the heights the absurdity of their superiority struck womankind. Dear feminine nature wanted to be learned, and philanthropic, and brilliant, and distinguished, but it also wanted to be pretty. So woman tumbled quickly down again, and since then she has learnt a lesson.

The Lesson

The lesson is this. She has learned that whenever she represents a cause, a hope, an ideal, she must work for it by normal and not by abnormal qualities. And if we want a real woman with all her truest qualities, all her charms, and all her prettinesses for every other department of life, why make an exception to that most painful duty of canvassing?

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: SOME SUNDAY SUPPER DISHES

Scalloped Lobster

Cut the flesh of a boiled lobster in small pieces and mix it into some well-flavoured melted butter made as follows: Melt 2oz. of butter in a clean pan, and stir in by degrees 1½oz. of flour. Stir until the sauce will leave a clean place in the pan when lifted up in the spoon. Add, very gradually, half a pint of hot fish stock or milk, stirring all the time, and then boil for twelve minutes, stirring occasionally. This sauce should be perfectly smooth and creamy. A small dessertspoonful of anchovy essence should be stirred into it, a few drops of lemon-juice, a dust of cayenne, and five or six drops of carmine to improve the colour. Now add the lobster, and let it all simmer slowly for ten minutes; then place in the buttered shells, and scatter white breadcrumbs over. Put in the oven until the crumbs are brown (about ten to fifteen minutes) and serve.

Game Salad

Take any pieces of cold game you have, and cut them into medium-sized dice. Shred finely two lettuces and lay them on a dish, arrange the meat on this in a mould, and sprinkle with pepper, salt, and cayenne, cover with mayonnaise sauce. Garnish with nicely cut slices of beetroot and slices of hard-boiled egg.

Chocolate Sponge

Put 2½oz. of chocolate powder into a pan, with one pint of milk, 1½oz. of leaf gelatine, and sugar to taste. Stir until the two last ingredients are quite melted. Strain into a basin, and when nearly cold add the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs, and whisk as before. Put it into a china mould and serve, when set, with whipped cream.

Apricot Trifle

Cut some sponge cakes in slices and arrange them in a glass dish; put the fruit and syrup from a tin of preserved apricots into a stewpan, with some sugar, and simmer gently, and when slightly cooled pour it over the sponge cakes and let them soak till cold. Whip half a pint of thick cream stiff, pile it on the fruit, and decorate with pink sugar or chopped pistachio nuts.

Cheese Canapés (Cold)

Grate 2oz. of cheese and mix it smoothly in a basin with a dessertspoonful of mustard, the same of anchovy sauce, a dust of cayenne, a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of butter, and the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Mix this until it is a smooth paste, then spread it on rounds of buttered white or brown bread. Chop the whites of the eggs finely, or press them through a sieve on to the paste. Serve cold.

N.B.—As all the above dishes (with the exception of the scalloped lobster) are cold, everything can be prepared the day before, and the lobster only requires heating in the oven.

EMILIA.

H. W.

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The Editor's Box

The Tivoli

Far and away the best music-hall programme in London at present is to be found at the Tivoli. Miss Marie Lloyd, with really well-written, albeit distinctly salacious, songs; Little Tich, with his comical dentist ditty; George Formby, with the best song he has ever had in "Playing the Game in the West"; T. E. Dunville, as an outrageous policeman; Gus Elen, in his clever coster studies, are all here, in addition to the Vampire Dance (though what section of the public the management hope to please with that I cannot imagine), a clever pantomime sketch, "A Pierrot's Crime," and Lionel Rignold and Co. Among the early turns is Miss Ella Shields, who should have a place much lower down in the programme. She has a very charming presence and a very sweet voice.

Broadway Theatre

If there is one thing I do like to see when I am at the theatre it is a full house. The Broadway pantomime is drawing crowds to the theatre, which is packed from floor to ceiling at every performance. For the pantomime, which is *The House that Jack Built*, I have nothing but praise. A more enjoyable or amusing entertainment it has seldom been my lot to witness. Among so many principals of merit, it is a little invidious to mention any by name, but Miss Maidie Scott is truly a fascinating Jill, and her songs, "Teddy Bear" and "Everybody Works but Father" are two of the successes of the evening. Then there are the drolleries of Fred Emney, Little Zola, and Syd. Walker. The latter's song, "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" is immensely amusing, especially when a member of the audience gets up and objects to it. Miss Ida Valli makes a dashing Jack, and altogether the Broadway pantomime is a remarkable show, which should on no account be missed.

The "Grandette"

The makers of this unique pianoforte have discarded all the old-fashioned traditions of making a perfect musical instrument in a shape of given form, and set themselves the task of first producing superlative tone quality. This, after many months of costly experiments, conducted by their most skilful experts, they have succeeded in obtaining. Having achieved a result far in advance of ordinary pianoforte making, their attention was directed to preserving those results in a manner which would be acceptable to the most artistic conceptions of the public. A glance at the illustrations in their catalogue, which is obtainable from Messrs. Arthur Allison and Co., 41, Great Portland Street, Oxford Circus, W., will convince anyone that in this they were also successful, and the combination resolves itself into the most nearly perfect pianoforte yet conceived, namely, purity of tone, tremendous power and volume in the smallest possible dimensions.

To Cyclists

Rudge-Whitworth do not exhibit at the Stanley Cycle Show. They prefer everybody to examine the machines at leisure at their own exhibition at 230, Tottenham Court Road, W.C. For 1910 Rudge-Whitworth have as fine a line of bicycles as we have seen. How it is possible to make them at the prices Rudge-Whitworths are sold is a problem we won't attempt to solve. Take the No. 20 Special Light Roadster. Here is a machine containing every up-to-date contrivance one can imagine and fitted with "Oni" tyres—Rudge-Whitworth's latest tyre success. The cash price of the No. 20 Special Light Roadster is £8 10*s.* complete, and we must confess we have never seen better value anywhere. The Rudge-Whitworth catalogue is always a book for the cyclist to look forward to, and this year it is increased another eight pages, making seventy-six pages in all.

Free Painting Books

Always to the fore with novel advertising schemes, the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 48, Southwark Street, S.E., are giving away shilling painting books on receipt of two penny stamps for postage. These books are well printed in colours, with outline pictures opposite, which are to be painted to resemble the coloured facsimiles as nearly as possible. Prizes are offered to children who send in the best paintings (which must be two in number), and there are two classes in the competition—Class A for children up to ten years of age, and Class B for children of from ten to fourteen. There are over 500 prizes.

A "Doggy" Calendar

Messrs. Spratt's, the well-known makers of dog, chicken, and bird foods, have issued a dainty coloured calendar, which will be sent gratis to readers of THE BYSTANDER who address a post-card to Spratt's Almanac Department, 24, Fenchurch Street, E.C. The illustrations, among others, include Admiral Lord Charles Beresford's four "Stone" bulldogs and her Majesty's basset hounds. At the back of each picture are practical notes on the breed depicted. Chickens and cage birds are also dealt with.

An Original Booklet

Messrs. Kodak, Ltd., of 57, 59, 61, Clerkenwell Road, E.C., have published an interesting and original booklet, entitled "Smith Major, Myself, and a Brownie," which they will send post free to all applicants who mention this paper. The book, which tells the story of two school chums interested in photography, is illustrated with sketches and photographs taken with the No. 1 Brownie.

Mr. Hawtrey's "Option"

Mr. Charles Hawtrey is so pleased with the success of *The Little Damozel*, which was transferred to the Prince of Wales's on Boxing Night, that he has secured an option on all plays written by Mr. Monckton Hoffe during the next five years.

Karswood Creosote

A few drops of Karswood Creosote on the handkerchief during the day or on the pillow at night will immediately cure influenza, coughs, colds, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, etc. 1*s.* 1½*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, or 4*s.* 6*d.*, sprinkler top bottles.—E. G. Hughes, Chem., 17, Deansgate, Manchester.

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